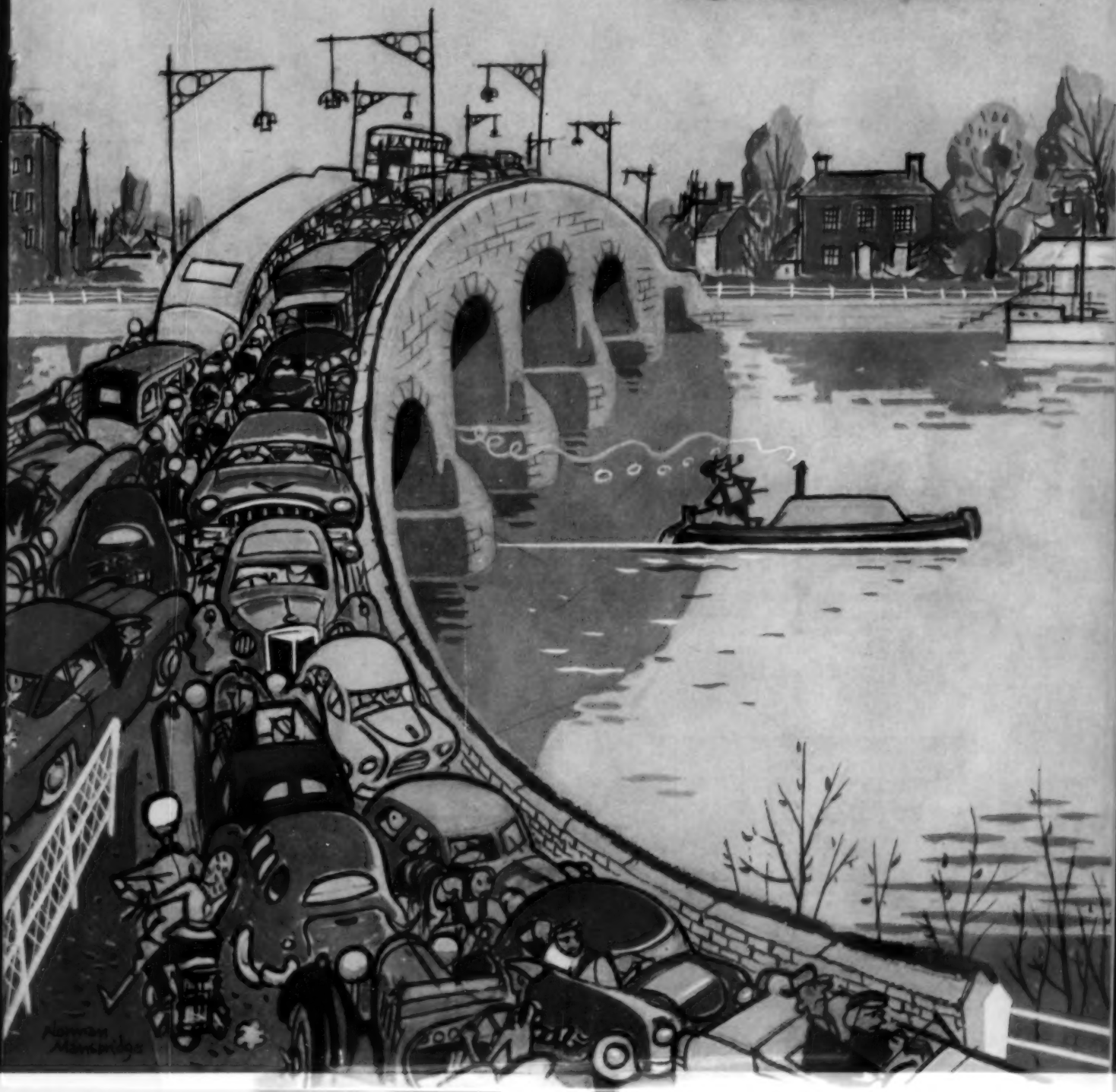


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PUNCH

OCTOBER 19 1955





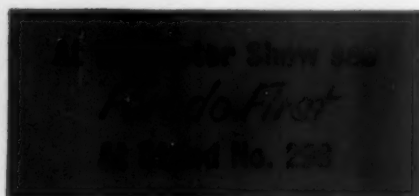
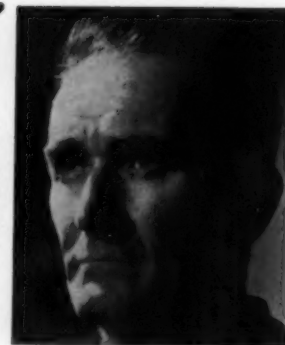
"Lucky car owning a family like this!"

"Mr. Jones looks after his car properly. I know, because he comes to my garage for regular servicing — and particularly brake servicing. He's convinced that a brake check every 2,500 miles may save life — certainly saves money. He says the confidence it gives him makes his motoring more enjoyable, too.

On the few occasions when I have to do a reline job for him, Mr. Jones always

looks for the Ferodo Label on the steering wheel. And I make sure it's there! For my long experience in my trade has taught me that Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings are safe, dependable, long and hard wearing. I know their background of careful research and testing — and I've seen them proved on the race track!

That's why I fit them on all my customers' cars . . . and my own, too!"



FERODO

ANTI-FADE Brake Linings

on most cars at the Motor Show

THE NEW ROVER PROGRAMME

New high performance specification and new power-braking for the 90. Greater comfort in all three models:—the 60, 75 and 90.



THE NINETY

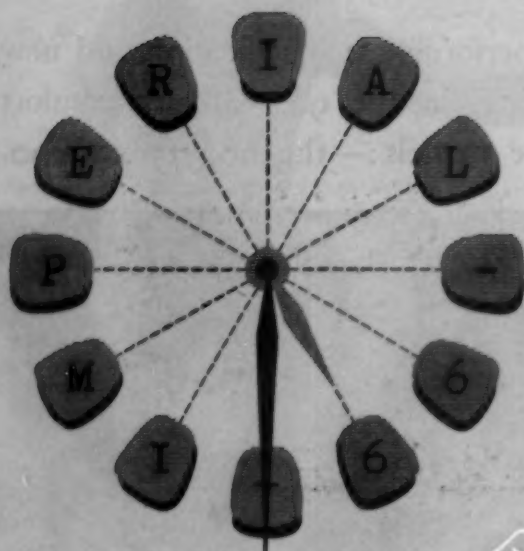
HIGH PERFORMANCE By increasing the compression ratio, the acceleration has become still more vivid. An optional overdrive ensures a higher maximum speed, exceptionally fast and silent cruising at low engine speeds and a useful saving in petrol consumption. Top gear flexibility, so valuable when driving in traffic, is unaffected.

EXTRA SAFETY To match this livelier performance, a new Servo-assisted braking system is introduced. This ensures impressive light-pressure stopping from high speeds and maximum safety under modern road conditions.

THE SIXTY, SEVENTY-FIVE AND NINETY

EXTRA COMFORT Rover cars have a fine reputation for driver and passenger comfort. There is now a choice of two styles in the front seating—a bench type seat or, as an optional extra, two individual seats independently adjustable. The deep hide upholstery is pleated to retain its shape and the rear arm rests have been redesigned for greater comfort.

Prices including purchase tax, '60': £1195. 2. 6; '75': £1297. 7. 6; '90': £1339. 17. 6. (overdrive, optional extra)



It's a bland, benevolent typewriter, the Standard Imperial '66'. It seems to understand that a girl wants her machine to work for her and with her, and not against her. She wants to get off home on the dot, and she wants to know that she will be off on the dot tomorrow, and this day next week, and next year. That spells Imperial '66'.

Quick work—well done



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A distinguished arrival from France—

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TRADITION

LIQUEUR BRANDY



To everyone who appreciates rare quality, the arrival in this country of TRADITION Liqueur Brandy is important news. So named because it is especially blended by E. Normandin et Cie. to suit the traditional English preference for a pale, dry Cognac, TRADITION owes nothing to artifice. It derives its superb clean flavor wholly and solely from grapes grown at Chateaufort, in the heart of the Cognac region, while its delicate amber colour is its natural inheritance from the casks in which the years have mellowed it. Ask your Wine Merchant to tell you more about TRADITION—to be informed about it is to enjoy it all the more.

TRADITION Cognac Liqueur Brandy
Bottles: 57/6 each Half-Bottles: 29/3

FOR A SPLENDID 3-STAR—LOREL
Although TRADITION is not inexpensive, you can with an easy conscience spend on it what you sensibly save on LOREL—an uncommonly excellent pure French Brandy which costs only 37/6 a bottle. Perfect for Brandy-and-soda.

If these two Brandies have not yet arrived in your locality, please write to:
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make
Tubeless
but with this
important plus★



★ In a tubeless tyre the strength and reliability of the tread and sidewall are more important than ever. It is good to remember that in a tubeless tyre made by INDIA (in addition to its obvious advantages) you do know the quality is there—to give you that extra security on the road.

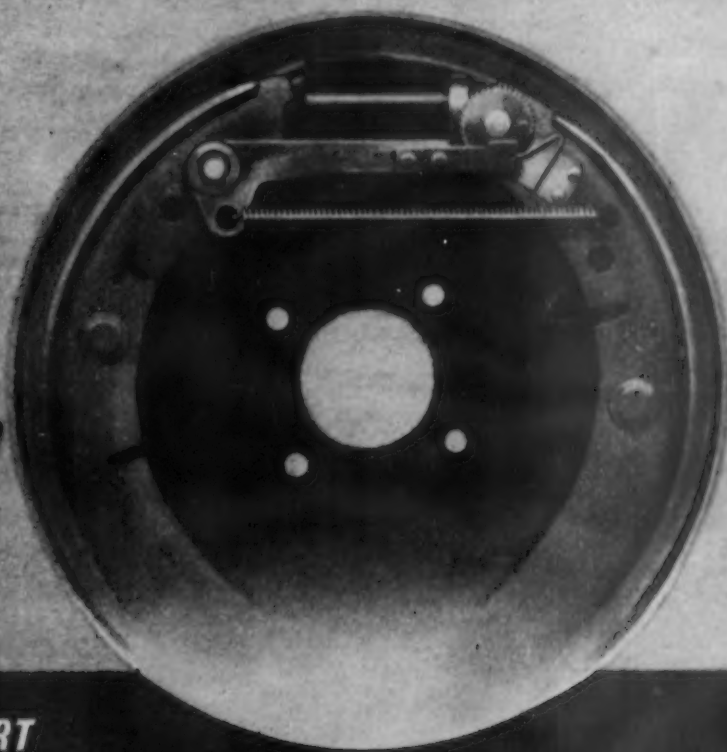
INDIA make both Regular and Tubeless tyres—each the same high quality.

News...

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The new
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by

Lockheed
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RELIABLE AUTOMATIC ADJUSTMENT • HIGH STABILITY

ANTI-FADE • EQUALISED LINING WEAR

27

years of experience produces
another Lockheed achievement.

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD - LEAMINGTON SPA

**STAND
373**

Gallery
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An essential contribution to



the art of gracious living

PERFECTOS FINOS 20's 14/6 100's 25/4
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JOHN PLAYER & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.
(P930A)



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle
Also Magnums 40/-

NOW for the first time!

**A BATTERY
THAT STAYS**

*Factory-
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**Oldham Introduce
New 'Power-Seal' Process
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Today you can buy a battery with exclusive advantages never before available. When you buy a new Oldham Major battery with 'Power-Seal' you can be sure of getting the highest quality battery absolutely factory-fresh, free from 'life loss,' and swiftly ready for use with even more 'Power to Spare.'

Ordinarily batteries suffer loss of power during storage.

With Oldham 'Power-Seal' plates this does not happen. These plates resist moisture and retain the initial dry charge so well that even after prolonged storage the battery produces full power when the electrolyte is added and the battery is put into service in your car!

The only battery you can buy with 'Power-Seal' plates is the new Oldham Major. Every Oldham Major Battery is guaranteed unconditionally for two years.

Ask your local garage for an Oldham Major.

OLDHAM MAJOR
Power Seal

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Pedigree... performance and style



Famous rally performance and reliability proved over the world's stiffest courses, easy handling in exhausting traffic, luxury seating and styling—that's your Sunbeam Mark III, now more elegant than ever in its new two-tone colour schemes.

See the Sunbeam's rally-winning pedigree!

- 1953** Sunbeam wins 4 *Coupe des Alpes*, and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, the Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1954** The Supreme Award, Gold Cup and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1955** The Outright Winner plus the *Coupe des Dames* and l'Equipe Cup (Best three cars same make) in the Monte Carlo.

Sunbeam MK III

SPORTS SALOON

Outright winner of the Monte Carlo Rally

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

for men
of action



FORWARDS RUSH for Lenthéric quiet, perfect grooming. There are many fine packs to choose from.



THE TRIPLE CROWN of good grooming is "Three Musketeers". Choose any three from six. Details below.



CROWDS already applaud Lenthéric. Join the supporters' Club by following up their example.

Lenthéric

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Overnighter" and "Huntsman" Set. From chosen stockists



"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Available in any combination of three, from After Shave Lotion, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, "Tanbark" Cologne, Brilliantine & After Shave Powder. Price 22/6.

It's a very fly half

who appreciates quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric. Nothing makes a man—above or below the twenty-five mark—feel more manly. Nothing makes him feel more rugged—yet as fresh as a Twickenham daisy. The first time you try Lenthéric, you'll be converted. Make a determined dash for the Lenthéric line—now.

quiet perfect grooming

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THE CASTELLANA HILTON
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300 rooms, many with air-conditioning and private balconies. Magnificent home of the world-famous Rendez vous Supper Room



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Prepared in Scotland from the recipe
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as the liqueur of subtle and unvarying excellence.

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Shirt standard



Set high for the man of discrimination.

Superbly cut from fine quality Egyptian Cotton, they are coat-style with plain French hems and double cuffs.

Two styles of attached collar—semi-cutaway or polo—and three lengths of sleeve accompanying each collar size from 14½" to 18"; and, by the way, the material is sanforized—if the shirt shrinks out of fit, we will replace it.
Cream or White—£2.10.0
If ordering by post, please state collar size.



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Regent 2002

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Ah!

SANDEMAN

SHERRY



SANDEMAN "AMONTILLADO"
medium dry 20/- per bottle
SANDEMAN "BROWN BANG"
a full golden Oloroso Sherry 22/- per bottle
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a rich pale Oloroso Sherry 23/- per bottle

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD. 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

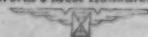
A woman
and
her watch



For a busy and important woman, her watch organises her day. She looks at it with gratitude, because it is a Longines and tells the right time; and with pleasure, because it adds beauty to her wrist.

LONGINES

The World's Most Honoured Watch



REPRESENTATIVES IN UNITED KINGDOM: BAUME & CO. LTD., LONDON AND LA CHAUS-DE-POIDS.

Got any big ideas?

The really big ideas in this industrial age need tackling in a really big way. At our Wellington works, we've been accustomed to dealing with large sizes and large numbers for a long time. That's why we have all the facilities for the man with the big idea.

Mechanical presses with a capacity from 10 to 2,000 tons up to 25 feet bed lengths, hydraulic presses with a capacity from 50 to 1,650 tons, every type of welding machine up to 1,200 kVA—and 50 acres of available assembly space staffed

and equipped to deal with anything that comes our way. If your blue print looks like getting out of hand that's the time to



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OF WELLINGTON

*"Now
we've seen
them all..."*



...let's make it a Morris"

When you choose a car on a calculated assessment of the facts you are bound to say "I'm going to have a Morris!" For you will always find that a Morris offers more for your money, more features, more to stimulate your pleasure in driving and your pride in ownership. And there's a real satisfaction in knowing that a Morris consistently returns a higher proportion of its price on resale.

Every Morris has a lively O.H.V. engine for outstanding performance-with-economy, sofa-wide seats, torsion-bar front wheel suspension, safety glass all round, Mono-construction body and chassis, superb styling and finish and other unrivalled features.

Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. London Distributors: Morris House, Berkeley Sq., W.1

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REMEMBER:—

Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

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MINOR • COWLEY • OXFORD • ISIS

Quality First — all through



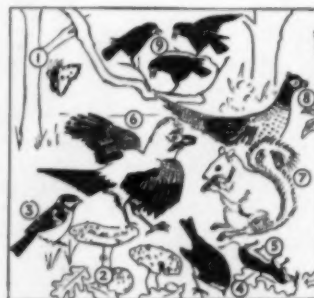
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Shell Nature Studies EDITED BY
JAMES FISHERNO.
10*The OCTOBER Acorn*

Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder

AT THE OAKWOOD'S EDGE a small tortoiseshell butterfly (1) flutters in a spider's web; by the fly agaric toadstools (2) a great tit (3) and a robin (4) turn the autumn leaves for insects and worms. One year only is normally the life of the common shrew (5); many lie dead in October. Acorns bring business to the red, brown, gold-green forest. The jay (6) carries its acorns one by one to safe hiding-places, and may bury them a quarter of a mile away. From these, forgotten, new forests grow. The grey squirrel (7) nibbles some, hides others in a winter store. Other customers of the forest fruit-crop are cock pheasant (8) and rooks; the rooks (9), impatient of the acorns' fall, flutter and swing in the branches as they tear them off.

Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form at 6/6, by Pharmix House Ltd., 38, William IV Street, W.C.2.



YOU CAN BE SURE OF

*The key to the Countryside*

I've never worn anything so comfortable....

I'm not an easy man to please. But from the moment I put on one of these shirts with 'Ardil'★, I knew I'd found the answer. A shirt that gives superb comfort winter and summer because it's lightweight, absorbent and warm. A really soft, smooth shirt that never irritates my skin. And not expensive, either. So you see I'm converted. Nowadays when I buy a sports shirt, the first thing I look for is the 'Ardil' label.

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is warm, absorbent and
completely non-irritant

★ 'Ardil' is the man-made protein fibre
—soft as cashmere, smooth as silk,
warm and absorbent as wool.
(It's moth-resistant, too.)
Blended with other fibres, it gives clothes
the unmistakable touch of luxury
at prices you can afford.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LTD., LONDON, S.W.1.

N.A.96

COINS OF THE REALM

The Petition Crown

Illustrated by permission
of the Trustees of
the British Museum.

Actual size: 44 mm. diam.



SIMON'S PETITION:



"Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this his tryall piece with the Dutch and if more truly drawn and emboss'd more gracefully order'd and more accurately engraved to relieve him."

ONE OF THE most beautiful of British coins — never issued and therefore not strictly 'of the realm' — was, in essence, an advertisement. Thomas Simon, mint engraver to the Cromwellian Commonwealth, in an attempt to retain his office after the Restoration, produced this famous "Petition Crown" of 1661. A supreme example of Simon's skill, it carried his thirty-three-word petition to the King engraved round the edge. The petition failed. Jan Roettier of Antwerp, a less talented man — but one whose father had lent money to Charles while in exile — thenceforth engraved the more important coinage.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

At Lloyds Bank we do not claim numismatic authority: for the material of this series we have consulted the Department of Coins and Medals of the British Museum. As bankers, we do claim to have at the disposal of our customers, private or mercantile, a great deal of specialised skill and experience.



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the answer
is in this
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LUCAS

BRITAIN'S BEST BATTERY



MOTOR
SHOW
STAND
254

At any time after the initial six months free warranty period and within two years of purchase your local garage can exchange your Lucas car battery for a new one at a cost proportionate to the length of service. Ask for full details. (This scheme applicable to the British Isles only).

2 YEARS INSURED LIFE
many patented exclusive features
and the usual guarantee
AT NO EXTRA COST

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD . BIRMINGHAM . ENGLAND



*Superb accuracy
in any climate*



Climate can't affect your Marvin watch—it's tropicalized. The fine precision movement made by expert Swiss watchmakers includes an auto-compensating device that makes it immune to temperature changes. Exquisitely-styled cases designed by leading English casemakers safely enclose and enhance these finest of watches. A happy collaboration between the foremost craftsmen of two nations... and an opportunity for you to own one of the world's most accurate and beautiful time-keepers. Ask any leading jeweller to show you a watch by Marvin.

In 9 carat solid gold

For men: 323 Ordinary seconds £ 26.10.0
324 Sweep second hand £ 27.10.0

For ladies: 309 £ 21.10.0

MARVIN WATCHES LTD., 34-35 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON E.C. 1

"I have used them

for golf, shooting and walking over a period of 20 years. They have never let me down and I have always been dry shod."

30/11/49



105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen

*The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF*

LOTUS LTD
STAFFORD

Imported French Liqueurs

MARIE BRIZARD



CREME DE CACAO
The Gorgeous Flavour
of the Tropics

ALEXANDER COCKTAIL
1/3 Creme Cacao,
1/3 dry Gin,
1/3 fresh cream.

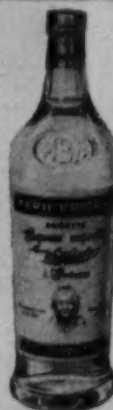


APRY
The Soul of the
Apricot

PARADISE
1/3 Apry Brizard,
2/3 Dry Gin.



BLACKBERRY
A VELVETY
RICH FRUIT
LIQUEUR



ANISETTE



You feel thirsty after good exercise. Pour two fingers of Anisette or Creme de Menthe Brizard in a large glass and fill up to the top with iced water. This is a really refreshing drink.



FRAPPÉE
The weather outside is warm and you want to cool yourself together with your friends? Put two ice-blocks in a brandy glass and pour Anisette or Creme de Menthe until you cover them up. You will see how pleasant and comforting it is.



**CREME
DE MENTHE**

For after-dinner
enjoyment and
the basis of
long drinks
and cocktails



The House of
MARIE BRIZARD
this year
celebrate their
200TH ANNIVERSARY

MARIE BRIZARD



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their cigarettes are available on every route served by the following famous airways; proud too, that in many instances these cigarettes are the most widely favoured of any.

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COMPANY MEETINGS: THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

British Films' Continued Success

Record Group Trading Results—Export Rise Continues

NET ASSETS NOW EXCEED £9,000,000*Manufacturing activities progress—but exhibition still bears unreasonable tax burden*

THE Eighteenth Annual General Meeting of Odeon Theatres Limited and the Annual Meetings of its subsidiary companies, British and Dominions Film Corporation Limited, Gaumont-British Picture Corporation Limited, Odeon Associated Theatres Limited, and Odeon Properties Limited, were held on October 7 at the Dorchester Hotel, London.

Mr. J. Arthur Rank, D.L., J.P., the Chairman, presided.

The following is an extract from his statement which had been circulated with the report and accounts:—

The Group Accounts, which I now present, disclose a further improvement in trading profits and a satisfactory financial position. The results, once again, constitute a record.

There have been many problems to face during the year including the full cost of the wage increases granted last year and in particular television. In the last three years almost three million new licences have been issued creating materially increased competition. Fortunately, a modest revision in entertainment duty granted in the 1954 Finance Act, and the consequent adjustment of admission prices, coupled with a stringent control of outgoings, enabled us to show a net gain in exhibition profits.

Profits on film production and distribution were largely maintained and our policy of Group film production has certainly been justified.

The further improvement in the profits of the Group manufacturing activities is most satisfactory, and this now constitutes an important side of our business.

ODEON THEATRES LIMITED

The Capital and Revenue Reserves at June, 1955, amounted to £5,724,014, of which £3,107,109 appears in the separate Balance Sheet of Odeon Theatres Limited, and compared with an Issued Ordinary Capital of £946,991.

Bank Loans and Overdrafts amounted to £4,190,515 at June, 1955, and show a further reduction compared with the previous year.

I mentioned last year that additional bank facilities of almost £1,000,000 had been employed in financing the Group Film Production Scheme, and this position still exists.

During the year substantial capital expenditure has been incurred, as a result of which the Group is being materially strengthened and I am happy that our financial resources are sufficiently strong to enable the Group to expand when opportunity offers.

In spite of the extension in the Group's interests you will see that, in fact, the bank indebtedness has been reduced during the year by £977,284.

Turning to the Assets Side of the Balance Sheet, Freehold and Leasehold Land and Buildings, the total cost, etc., of these fixed assets at June, 1955, was £58,342,626.

Cinema Theatres are included in the above total at a net book value of some £36,000,000 represented by 594 theatres in the U.K. and 141 theatres overseas. The replacement value

of these theatres at present day costs would be vastly in excess of book value.

The total trading profits show a substantial increase at £3,727,035 compared with £7,704,084 for the previous year. This constitutes another record. After providing £1,618,674 for depreciation, and charging interest, etc., the Group profit for the year is £6,606,988 compared with £5,524,129 for the previous year.

Taxation still constitutes a heavy burden and requires £3,653,815 leaving a net Group profit after tax of £2,953,173 compared with £2,264,655.

After deducting the proportion of net profits applicable to outside shareholders, the net Group profit attributable to Odeon Theatres Limited is £1,327,939 compared with £1,031,080.

The statement then reviews the activities of Odeon Associated Theatres Limited, Odeon Properties Limited, Gaumont-British Picture Corporation Limited and British and Dominions Film Corporation Limited, and continues:

BRITISH OPTICAL & PRECISION ENGINEERS LIMITED

This Company and its subsidiaries had a successful year's trading due to a marked expansion in turnover in which all sides of the Group's business contributed.

The Trading Profits for 1954 amounted to £1,399,284 compared with £652,884 in 1953. The available net balance was £310,400 compared with £160,584.

We have continued to make progress in our overseas markets. Exports in 1954 were more than 40% above those of 1953. It appears from figures recently published by the Board of Trade that our Group is now delivering approximately 70% of the export turnover of this country in the products which it handles.

CINEMA-TELEVISION LIMITED AND BUSH RADIO LIMITED

Cinema-Television Limited and its wholly owned subsidiary company Bush Radio Limited, have had a further year's successful trading. The policy of developing and broadening the business of the Parent Company has been continued.

The Consolidated Profit and Loss Account shows net Group profit is £428,764 compared with £305,650.

The increasing interest overseas in the company's products has been particularly gratifying.

Bush Radio Limited continues to achieve a record turnover and record profits. Prospects as regards television are good.

**THEATRE PUBLICITY LIMITED
SCREEN AUDIENCES LIMITED
J. ARTHUR RANK SCREEN SERVICES LIMITED**

I am happy to say that under the direction of the Managing Director, Mr. Gerard Holdsworth, the companies have had a record year and the facilities which they have to offer to advertisers, advertising agents and

the public have received great appreciation.

We are taking an active interest in the making of films for Television and have formed a "live" television unit.

PERSONNEL

In previous years I have paid tribute to the services rendered to the Group by Mr. John Davis, the Deputy Chairman and Managing Director. I would like to emphasize the very great contribution he has made in the achievement of the satisfactory financial and trading position which this Group now enjoys.

On behalf of the Boards of the various companies and of the shareholders generally I would like to thank him for his outstanding services during the year.

I am satisfied that we have now in the Group an able team of Executives in all departments who are receiving enthusiastic and wholehearted support from the whole of our manpower in this country and overseas. I, on your behalf, as well as on behalf of my colleagues and myself, would like to thank each one of them for the part which they have played in furthering the activities of the Group.

We have continued with our Pension, Medical and other Welfare Schemes for the benefit of our employees.

FILM PRODUCTION—BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION FUND

Our production programme which is achieving a measure of success, would not have been possible without the aid of this Fund. I reiterate what I said last year that it is my considered opinion that British production cannot be maintained on an economic basis over a period without financial assistance so long as we do not receive a reasonable share of revenue from the American market, particularly bearing in mind the large sums which that country receives from the exhibition of their films in this country.

The Fund was due to expire in August last; after considerable discussion within the industry the arrangements were renewed upon a voluntary basis for a further period of three years.

I regard it as a matter of major importance that the future of the Fund be set up in such a manner that its continuity will be assured.

Our theatres played during the year 40 programmes where the first feature was a British film. Of these 19 were films made and financed by us, so that you will see that over half of the British films played by us were ones in which we had no financial interest and were made by Independent Producers.

ENTERTAINMENT TAX

The unreasonable burden of Entertainment Tax remains with us. In this country our Group took at the box-office last year £29,461,579 and paid in Entertainment Tax £10,376,630 being 35.22% of the year's receipts.

It is in the national interest, as well as of this industry, that this problem receives sympathetic consideration by the Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, particularly in view of the pending increase in competition from sponsored television. It could follow that unless the problem is tackled in time the net result would be a material loss of revenue to the Exchequer.

EXHIBITION

Domestic. We have equipped all our theatres with large screens, variable anamorphic lens, etc., which enables us to play any type of product, CinemaScope, VistaVision, etc.

I am pleased to tell you that of the 24 best box-office attractions played on our two circuits during the year 12 were British and 12 were American, and the receipts from these two groups were almost exactly equal.

Overseas. Our overseas theatres, both those directly operated by us and those in which we are in association with partners, have with one exception continued to make progress, some of them having a record year.

DISTRIBUTION

Domestic. This is the fourth year in succession that our distribution company has shown an increase in its total turnover.

Overseas—

Eastern Hemisphere. We have continued to make progress in the distribution of our films in overseas markets.

Western Hemisphere—United States. It is with regret that I have to report that in our opinion we are still not receiving a fair return from that market.

STUDIOS

Pinewood has been in steady production. During the year 10 films have been produced and in addition one film in which we had no financial interest.

Apart from these productions, we have financially materially participated in the Ealing programme which has comprised five films.

I referred last year to our belief that VistaVision would play a major part in raising the standard of the quality of production to still

higher levels so that we could compete more easily with television. VistaVision so far contributes, in our view, more than other any system to this target.

DIVIDENDS

Gaumont-British propose 15% as against 12½% a year ago. British and Dominions Film Corporation propose 6½% as against 5% a year ago. Cinema-Television Limited propose 45% as against 30% a year ago. British Optical & Precision Engineers Limited has paid an Ordinary Dividend of 15% for the year ended 31st December, 1954, compared with 5% for 1953.

Dealing now with Odeon Theatres Limited I think that the continued progress of the Company justifies the payment of an increased Ordinary Dividend. The Board therefore recommend that the Ordinary Dividend for the year ended June 1955 should be at the rate of 25% on the existing Ordinary Shares of the Company as against 15% last year.

CAPITALISATION PROPOSALS

It is obvious that the Issued Ordinary Capital of Odeon Theatres Limited, namely £946,991, is entirely out of line with the equity capital employed. The Group Reserves applicable to Odeon Theatres Limited at June 1955 amount to £5,724,014 and the proportion of such Reserves in the separate Balance Sheet of Odeon Theatres Limited amounts to £3,107,109.

It is therefore proposed to capitalise £946,991 of the existing Reserves and to issue new free Ordinary Shares to the shareholders of Odeon Theatres Limited on a one-for-one basis.

It is also proposed to create 8,000,000 non-voting "A" Ordinary Shares of 5/- each, having the same rights as the existing Ordinary Shares except as to voting, which will be available for issue for cash or as consideration for the acquisition of further interests.

If this proposal is approved by the shareholders at the Annual Meeting, then it is proposed to issue approximately, 5,500,000 of these shares, such shares being offered to the existing Ordinary shareholders upon suitable terms which will be governed by the market conditions at the time of issue.

The proceeds of the proposed issue, which has the sanction of the Capital Issues Committee, will be applied in reduction of bank indebtedness.

CHANGE OF NAME—ODEON THEATRES LIMITED

The world-wide distribution and exhibition of the films made by the Group has built up a very valuable trade name and trade mark, coupled with the "man-with-the-gong" symbol. We are therefore proposing a resolution at the Annual Meeting to change the name of the Company to "The Rank Organisation Limited," which title in our opinion will be more representative of the activities of this Company.

THE FUTURE

I am certain that the cinema will continue to occupy an important part in the life of the people of this country and of peoples throughout the world. The competition of television and other alternative forms of entertainment is a healthy factor of which we need have no fears provided we maintain the entertainment value of our films and the comfort and efficient service of our theatres.

I cannot prophesy the future as regards our trading results, but I am satisfied that each year the Group's position is being strengthened. I have no doubt that in the absence of circumstances beyond our control we shall give a good account of our activities in the future.

At the meeting of Odeon Theatres Limited the report and accounts were adopted, and at separate class meetings followed by an extraordinary general meeting the Board's proposals regarding the company's capital and alterations to the Articles of Association were approved. Agreement was also given to the proposed change of name to "The Rank Organisation Limited."

At meetings of each of the other companies, the report and accounts were adopted.

★ A copy of the Chairman's full Statement and Annual Accounts may be obtained from The Rank Organisation Limited, 38 South Street, London, W.1.

MANUFACTURING INTERESTS...

"The further improvement in the profits of the Group's manufacturing interests is most satisfactory, and this now constitutes an important side of our business."



Taylor, Taylor & Hobson Ltd. manufacture the finest lenses in the world. They also make engraving machines, one of which is seen here inscribing the name and details on a lens mount.

ENTERTAINMENT TAX...

"Unless this problem is tackled in time the net result would be a material loss of revenue to the Exchequer."

Each £1 taken at the box office of all Cinemas in the United Kingdom in 1954 was divided in the following way

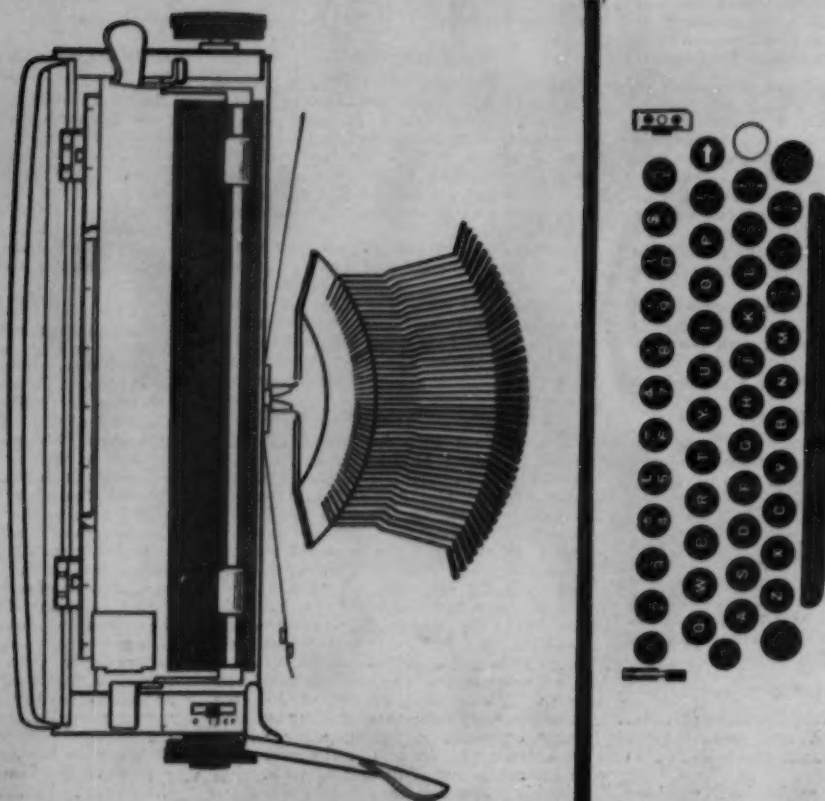
£1	6/6	ENTERTAINMENT TAX
	2/11	PRODUCTION Paid to the producer via the distributor for hire of film.
	6d	BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION FUND Levy to central fund divisible between producers of British films.
	1/8	DISTRIBUTION Print and other distribution costs. Distributors' remuneration to meet selling and administrative expenses, etc.
	8/5	EXHIBITION The sum available to the Exhibition industry to cover all operating and administrative expenses, service of capital invested and maintenance and replacement of buildings and equipment.

Diagram based on Board of Trade Statistics of division of Box Office takings



To help enlarge the circle of Britain's friends, no less than to provide good entertainment, is both the business and the privilege of

THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



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86 character keyboard - Full length platen - Carriage on roller bearings - Key-set tabulator - Personal touch tuning - Standard size ribbon spools - Half spacing - Attractive carrying case.



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Take a good look at the good looks of the new Vauxhalls. The wide-view panoramic rear window and the slimmer wind-screen pillars are new. New too are the glossier finishes — in a wider-than-ever range of single colours, plus, on the Cresta, distinctive duotones alternated to give a three-colour effect. (See illustration.)

Other 1956 features include new and better brakes, new door-locks and window-winding mechanism, nylon upholstery options on some

models, and many touches of refinement and detail.

With all these extra features, Vauxhall value is greater than ever. Room for six and all their luggage. Outstanding performance with good economy in the 6-cylinder Velox and Cresta. Outstanding economy with quite surprising performance in the 4-cylinder Wyvern. Four-figure engineering at three-figure prices — purchase tax included! See these brilliant new models at your local Vauxhall dealers now.

EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE Arms illustrated are those of the Borough of Wimbledon. The double-headed eagle is symbolical of Julius Caesar and of the battle fought by him on Wimbledon Common. Signifying the Crown association with Wimbledon is the golden rose (an old royal badge). From the Arms of Lord Spencer, the present Lord of the Manor, comes the golden fret, while the gold and azure border of the shield is from the Arms of the Earls of Surrey. The garb is from the Arms of the Cecil family, one of whom was Lord Wimbledon. The Cornish choughs are from the Arms of

Thomas Cromwell, a former Lord of the Manor. "Sine Labe Decus" — the motto — means "Honour without Blemish". The heraldic description reads:

"Argent a double-headed eagle displayed Sable armed and legged Gules on the dexter wing a rose and on the sinister a fret Or a bordure compeny Or and Azure and for the Crest issuant from a mural crown a garb supported on either side by a Cornish chough all proper."

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality, providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.



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162**



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these Austins—you can depend on 'em!*

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CHARIVARIA

SOME columnist has been fussing about the excessive length of Aly Khan's trousers, with photographs to prove it, and wild guesses as to the cause. The most rational explanation seems to be that they were made for Mr. Orson Welles.

Physicists Trampled by Mule

PLANS for the readjustment of the Armed Forces announced at Bournemouth by the Prime Minister suggest that our defences will soon be fully



geared to nuclear war conditions. Perhaps it would have been better to keep this a secret. As it is, any aggressor astute enough to stick to old-fashioned methods could have a walkover.

The News Behind the Men

THE main front-page news headline "Mail Man in Riff Ambush" left readers pretty blank until they glanced an inch or two higher and saw what paper they had; then it turned out that bullets had ricocheted within earshot of the *Daily Mail's* representative in Morocco. This is all in the modern tradition of the pretence that a reporter is news *per se*, and accounts for recent illustrative maps which instead of helping the reader to understand what is going on in the world only depict the itinerary of some London-based journalist. Last week's events at Margate, to come a little nearer home, were in danger of taking second place, in the *Express*, to the silver jubilee commemorations of "the most experienced team in British journalism"—Messrs. William Barkley and Trevor Evans, who went to Margate hand-in-hand to whip up, in spite of their own prior claim, a little enthusiasm about the

Socialist conference. Where is it all to end? Perhaps with a paper devoted exclusively to the private lives of its contributors, with a back page of smudged, half-inch square photographic portraits, all looking peculiarly alike.

No Takers

It is estimated by a military expert that as a result of Algerian and Moroccan troubles half the French Army is now in North Africa. Judging by the reluctant behaviour of reservists at Rouen and elsewhere, however, it looks as if the other half will stay at home all right.

Shutting the Garage Door . . .

FORMED last year, the Frankfort Society for Protection of Pedestrians has already been dissolved "because



only twenty-eight people joined." While some see this as a demonstration of the new Germany's distrust of organizations, others point out an example of what comes of leaving things to the last minute.

Somewhere to Go

AMONG the many tasks facing General Eduardo Lonardi, the new Argentine President (which include, of course, renewed agitation for cession of the Falklands) is that of deciding what to do about Senor Perón's underground funk-hole recently discovered in all its revolt-proof glory under a building in Buenos Aires. An early impulse must be to have it ostentatiously stripped and filled in, thus impressing the public with the stability and confidence of the new régime. On the other hand, no South

American president could be blamed for doing nothing of the kind.

Yours, etc.

As so often before, a word of praise is due to *Times* letter-writers for their steadying influence in unsettling days. A widely-felt want, when political and economic clouds are rolling in at home, and colonial rioting is in full flood abroad, is a selection of informed and articulate opinion on the incidence of dogs in stained-glass windows.

Blessed Are the Pacemakers

POPULAR feeling at Bognor Regis has turned against the Vicar, the Rev. W. G. Sinclair Snow, for holding a service of dedication, with specially written prayers, in a newly-opened radio and television show-room. Particular resentment has been expressed by other tradesmen in the town, who not only regard the whole thing as a disgraceful publicity stunt, but wish that they had thought of it first.

At the Double

SIR ARTHUR ELTON's paper on *The Film as Source Material for History* makes the point that historians of the



future will find in the documentary film libraries valuable guides to the behaviour of past generations. Even the ordinary filmgoer of to-day, for instance, knows from old newsreels of Queen Victoria's funeral how much more quickly the state occasion used to move in those days.

Unanswerable

OPPOSING a Bournemouth resolution calling for action against monopolies, a Rotherham delegate described it as political dynamite, and warned his

listeners that M.P.s known to be supporting legislation of this sort "would soon be in danger of losing their seats." That's what you might call an argument.

Can't Please Anybody

RELUCTANCE by the B.B.C. to precede its plays with "Adults only" warnings has brought stern censure from the secretary of the Bolton Trades Council—"Sometimes you are a quarter-way through a



play before you realize it is not entirely suitable for the children watching it with you." Now it's up to someone to complain about being a quarter-way through before realizing that it is.

Everything Possible

CRITICS of the Government's financial policy and the mess it has got us into mustn't imagine that our national accountants are letting the grass grow under their feet. Adjustments to meet the new situation are being made constantly, as two official announcements by H.M. Treasury go to show: they deal with changes in the import duty on dried citrus fruit peels and veneers used in the manufacture of sewing machine woodwork.

Nasty Hush

COMPARED with France's present troubles the recent success in dissuading Parisian motorists from hooting seems in retrospect a comparatively minor achievement. However, the fact remains that it's still so quiet in the Place de la Concorde that you can hear a government drop.

Knees Up, Comrade Popov

British sailors visiting Leningrad were warned not to be "aggressively British."

REMEMBER this, Jack,

If you want to come back—

Don't give occasion for any unkind repercussion.

Just get a bit skittish

Or aggressively British

And the M.V.D. may turn aggressively Russian.

A LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER

DEAR SIR ANTHONY,

I am getting my mate to write this to you because I want to thank you, both on my own account and on behalf of all the other boys in the World's End Gang, for the new arrangements you are making about National Service.

The *Daily Mirror* and the rest are mistaken when they say you have done the wrong thing. On the contrary, you have shown a knowledge and understanding of the problems of youth which is rarely met with in Prime Ministers.

Take my case. I was born in September 1939 and went to school on and off till September last year. I was expecting to have to register in August or September 1957.

Now those three years between leaving school and getting called up are the best years in a boy's life. You don't have any responsibility, people expect you to be high-spirited and perhaps a little bit rough, and most of the time, even if you do get the wrong side of the law, you only come up at the Juvenile Court. Everyone agrees that it's no good expecting you to settle down to a steady job with the prospect of National Service in front of you.

The only trouble used to be that three years was not long enough. It was particularly unfair in my case, because my probation wasn't up till last month, and that meant that I had to stick to the same boring job for almost a year and had hardly any time for organizing the boys. You can't keep a mob going, with the younger boys trained and the shopkeepers properly

scared, unless you're prepared to put in a lot of time. Incidentally, that's why the teddy gangs are such a poor lot nowadays; as soon as a boy gets really tough, with five or six decent suits and his hair down to his shoulders, the Army gets hold of him and turns him into a short-haired sissy.

Anyway, thanks to you I've got that extra year, and I can promise I shall make the most of it. I've already given notice at my shop. The guv'nor, as we call him, agreed that if we can't settle down because we're to be called up at eighteen, it isn't likely we'll settle down when we're to be called up at nineteen. I want you to know that we appreciate what you've done for us, and all the boys round here are going to vote for you when they're old enough, if they don't want a bicycle-chain round their faces one dark evening.

By the way, it's a funny thing, the day you announced the changes it said in my *Daily Express* horoscope "Middle-aged and elderly friends seem to like you best." I had a look in my diary to see who it could be, but I never guessed it would turn out to be you. I was born on September 14, which makes me a *Virgo*, and that's quite funny too, when you think of it.

I'm sorry I had to get my mate to write this for me. I would much rather have done it myself, but you will understand that I'm only a working lad and had to leave school when I was fifteen, so naturally I am not much of a hand at writing myself.

Yours sincerely, EDWARD BOY





The Royal Navy celebrates the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.



Waiting for Doggo

By ALEX ATKINSON

(A discussion of the play "Waiting for Godot" was held recently at the Arts Theatre)

Three old ladies are waiting in a waiting-room. They seem to be wearing other people's clothes and are rather symbolic. NELLIE is standing in a corner with her face to the wall. GEORGINA is lying on a table reading back numbers of The Midland Hairdresser and Beauty Specialist. CANICULE is walking about, smoking a small pipe.

GEORGINA (sitting up): All right. We must stay here for ever. That's settled. Therefore, let's leave immediately. It's the only way.

CANICULE (sitting down): We can't.

GEORGINA: Why not?

CANICULE: Why not?

GEORGINA: Yes.

CANICULE: Haven't you asked me that before?

GEORGINA: Before what?

CANICULE: I don't follow you. I find it distressful to listen to you. I begin to hate the very sight of you. You have a square face like part of a sewing-machine, and your jaw simply keeps on going up and down, up and down.

GEORGINA: Try the door again.

CANICULE: It's no good. They won't let us in. I am *non persona grata*, you are *non quo sed quomodo*, and Nellie is *non compos mentis*.

GEORGINA: Soon it will be night. It won't matter then.

CANICULE: It matters now. Ask me again.

GEORGINA: Same question?

CANICULE: Yes.

GEORGINA: Same answer?

CANICULE: Wait and see. Strive to preserve at least your sense of wonder.

GEORGINA: All right. Why can't we go?
 CANICULE: Ah, that's it. Because we have to wait.
 GEORGINA: What for?
 CANICULE: The result.
 GEORGINA: Of the deliberations?
 CANICULE: The deliberations. The dispute, controversy, casuistry, bickering, debate, logomachy, set-to, fracas, discussion, conference, sophistry. The splitting of hairs, the begging of questions, the beating about of bushes. For, because, forasmuch as, considering, consequently, ergo, wherefore, a fortiori, ex concessio, and so ad infinitum, without the fleas. The estimation, valuation, appreciation, judication, arbitrament, assessment, the general ponderation and possible *reductio ad absurdum*, of *Waiting for What's-His-Name*.
 GEORGINA: Where did you find all those words?
 CANICULE: I got them out of Roget.
 GEORGINA: Do I know him?
 CANICULE (*eerily*): Sometimes he is so close to you that if you would only turn you might see him face to face. It is the same with Proust, and Dickens, and Wyndham Lewis, and Percy F. Westerman, and Tolstoy, and Robert Frost; to say nothing of Lawrence, Thurber, Lear and Housman, Austen, Joyce and John O'Hara . . .
 GEORGINA: They sound a lovely couple, John and Joyce. I would invite them to a party, a dainty supper party, with crisp pale chips and fizzy lemonade, and it would be so lovely again, like in the old days when mother was alive, the house full of people, playing whist, exchanging knitting-patterns, and good, kind talk about my uncle's spots.
 CANICULE: Will you kindly not interrupt? I was just getting wound up.
 GEORGINA (*whimpering*): Oh, don't hurt me, Canicule. I can't bear people to hurt me, or bemuse me, or make me blush. I shrink easily. I stretch in the wash. I come apart at the edges. I find myself at a loss. People

neglect to read the directions on me, and I get stowed near the boilers.
 CANICULE: What do the directions say?
 GEORGINA (*vacantly*): Which directions?
 CANICULE: Can you hold two simultaneous fragments of idea in your plush-lined head for a count of more than eight?
 GEORGINA: I did once. It was a Thursday afternoon.
 CANICULE: What happened?
 GEORGINA: I was sick.
 CANICULE (*musingly*): Yes. Yes. And the funny thing is, it's the same with me and Nellie.
 GEORGINA: Let's go now.
 CANICULE: We can't.
 GEORGINA: Why not? Oh! No! Don't tell me all over again, I couldn't bear it!
 CANICULE (*with dignity*): As I was saying. If you would only turn, you might at any time see one or more of them face to face. And so might I, or Nellie.
 GEORGINA: Proust and Frost and Joyce and John? That would be exquisite!
 CANICULE (*with a sigh*): Yes. And yet I suppose we'd all be sick together.
 GEORGINA: That would at least have the merit of strict conformity.
 CANICULE: Is that a spar one ought to cling to?
 GEORGINA: Please don't bother me now, I have some gravy on my petticoat. Also Nellie is about to speak.
 CANICULE: We should get up a game of some kind. A beetle drive is always fun.
 NELLIE (*turning round and putting on her glasses*): *En rejetant des synonymes superflus, on a pu se passer du petit-texte et du papier trop transparent, et imprimer ce tout petit spectacle en caractères d'une netteté incomparable.*
 GEORGINA: She gets it all off sauce bottles.
 CANICULE: As a matter of fact she is not yet aware that we have been translated.
 GEORGINA: What gives me heartburn is why we have to wait





here at all. Life holds far simpler mysteries for us, plenty for the asking. How do springs get in sofas, to take a single example at random, like a hat out of a rabbit?

CANICULE: Yes, I know—or watches, if it comes to that.

And who was that knight I saw you with last husband?

GEORGINA: Oh, God.

CANICULE: Don't say that, Georgina. That's Godot the other way round.

GEORGINA: Start again.

CANICULE: Who was that knight I—

GEORGINA: No, before that.

CANICULE: Why must we wait?

GEORGINA: Yes. Now the answer. Quickly, quickly, this is a lovely game.

CANICULE: Because something in us won't let us go in to the confab ourselves, but we must know the result.

GEORGINA: Do we care?

CANICULE: The likes of us? Not on your Helen of Troy.

But we have to know it, just the same, and we have to wait for it. When we get it we won't understand it. When we understand it we won't believe it. When we believe it we'll be lying in the front bedroom, with a

fire whispering in the grate, and the heavy smell of wreaths coming creeping up the stairs, and pennies on our eyes. Only ha'pennies on yours, in point of fact. And then it'll be too late. We've been waiting here now for I don't know how many hundreds of years, and my feet are killing me.

GEORGINA: All I want is the *Week-end Mail*, and a star to read her by. Rod Cameron for preference.

CANICULE: Nellie, tell us what the result of the confab will be. Go on, be a sport—it's Tuesday again.

NELLIE: Then they did read the minutes of the meeting of the waters of Rabble-on little dogie Gide along, and it was decided (a) that if a play must have a beginning as well as an end then the end must justify the meaning, and the square on the hypocrisy is equal to some of the sides of Hanover Square; and (b) that if it has a middle as well as an end the beginning need not *a priori* come last nor the end first and ask questions afterwards. Some said good old Henry Arthur Jones and some said the theatre can be emptied in three minutes. Were we dealing with a play, a morality, a divertissement, a burletta, a singspiel, a dumb-show, a masque, a farce, or a mystery of life at last I've found you O at last I know the meaning of it all? The motion was carried out and the abstainers totally divided it in the lobby. An Equity member eighteen months in arrears said the condition of the sink in number 12 dressing-room in the Empire, Wallasey, left much to be desired. Those in favour, put your left leg out and shake it all about all about what's it all about who said that I did don't ask importunate questions. A printer thought a glossary might help him, whereupon a deputation of outrageous taxpayers effected a forced entry and made away with something they could lay their hands on, which turned out to be a young critic with a beard who said Ouds! Put me down! The meeting then broke up before it ate the blanket.

CANICULE: Thank you, Nellie.

NELLIE: I haven't finished yet!

GEORGINA (*hurriedly*): There will now be a long interval.

Curtain





Look at it Their Way

By CLAUD COCKBURN

AT the time people thought that what happened to Abu Kasim Mansur was freakish, even sensational. "What an extraordinarily awful thing to happen," they said, and wrote books about it.

"Inflation Victim Blames Treasury" is about as much as the story could fairly rate to-day. It might be possible to make something of the fact that he was Poet Laureate. Not much though. (Can you say, after not more than two seconds' thought, and without fear of successful contradiction, who is Poet Laureate at this moment?)

Of course all this occurred in Afghanistan around the year A.D. 1000, and people had not had much of a chance to get used to economics—not, at any rate, to having them right in the home the way we do.

What Abu Kasim aimed to do was

write the history of Persia in verse, and the man who finally assigned him to the job was Sultan Mahmud, who set up Abu Kasim at his court at Ghazni and renamed him Firdousi, meaning man of paradise, and he became Persia's most famous poet.

On the business side, the proposal was to pay him one thousand gold pieces for every thousand verses (two lines to the verse) he delivered. With pathetic and horrifying naiveté Firdousi turned this down. He explained to the head of the Treasury, a man called Maimandi, that he was saving up to build an irrigation dam at his home town, and he thought it would be a grand thing to get the whole thing in a lump when he finished his work.

Maimandi, as delighted as any other Treasury official to find someone fool enough to prefer a promise of future

payment to payment now, agreed at once. Firdousi set to work and produced sixty thousand verses. He was not, in any sense, a facile writer, and it took him thirty-five years, so that he was pushing seventy when he wrote the one hundred and twenty thousandth line.

Also he was half starved, because Maimandi, who had sized him up as a citizen who could be pushed around to almost any extent, had for years been querying and cutting down on his expense accounts. When Firdousi threatened to complain to the Sultan, Maimandi, of course, got in first with the story that Firdousi was politically unsound, probably getting money from rival Sultans.

On delivery of manuscript the Sultan was going to pay up in gold as per agreement. But Maimandi rushed



"This one's leaking."

over with some sort of experts' report showing that to do so would not be in the public interest. Admittedly, they would have to pay sixty thousand pieces of something, but in the present state of the national finances payment in gold was out of the question. Why not sixty thousand pieces of silver? True, on account of inflation and depreciation, silver by now was practically valueless, but this was a time when everyone must be prepared to make sacrifices.

No match for the Treasury experts, the Sultan agreed, and they sent over a man called Ayaz with the silver loaded on an elephant.

Firdousi, tired after his long stint, was at the moment relaxing at the Turkish baths. He welcomed Ayaz and the elephant warmly. "Now," he said, "I can get on building that dam." Then he cut open one of the bags and saw it was silver. Even he knew how much that was worth these days. He gave twenty thousand of it to Ayaz for his trouble in bringing over the elephant, twenty thousand as a tip to the bath attendant, and with the remaining twenty thousand had just enough to buy a glass of near beer.

He sent a bitter message to the Sultan who, in a moment of shame, was about to pay him the gold after all, when of course Maimandi intervened. Didn't, he said, this carping attitude on the part of Firdousi prove the reports that he was politically unsound? A thoroughly selfish, grabbing attitude, indifferent to the broad interests of the country?

The Sultan said he believed Maimandi must be right, and shouted out in a rage that to-morrow he would "throw that heretic under the feet of the elephants." Firdousi fled without having time to pack, and for years wandered about the country with just a cloak and a stick, selling a few thousand verses to Sultans here and there.

He also wrote a furious satire on Sultan Mahmud in terms which would not, nowadays, pass a libel lawyer. People sang it in the streets everywhere.

After about ten years Mahmud said it now seemed to him that an error of policy had been committed. He proposed to deal drastically with the permanent official responsible. He had Maimandi trampled to death by elephants, and sent off the sixty thousand in gold to Firdousi's place of residence. The people with the gold



arrived at one gate of the town just in time to see Firdousi's coffin being carried out of the other.

Like so much of history, all of this was in the worst possible taste. Imagine having a financial expert trampled to death by elephants! Also, as anyone nowadays could have pointed out to Firdousi, it was both undignified and unhelpful on his part to write and circulate that famous satire. Criticism would always have been welcome, but it must be *constructive* criticism, and Firdousi's was not. (He went to the length of attacking Mahmud's mother—a disgraceful introduction of personal abuse into what might have been a debate on a high level.)

Besides, how did he know that his irrigation project was not going to conflict with some over-all Government

plan? Just because his native town was under water half the year and drought-stricken the rest, that was no reason for trying to rush ahead with his private scheme, without proper consultation.

There is always the danger, even in our own dear country, that some momentarily unsettling incident—a major financial crisis, for example; the violent collapse of British administration in an outlying territory; the theft of top-secret documents—may disturb the urbanity of our public life. We have the example of the United States where, at moments of great stress, it is sometimes possible for pessimists to claim they have detected some kind of serious differences between the Republican and Democratic Parties. It would be a poor look-out for us if the day were ever to come when it was possible for critics to



point to divergences on, say, major issues of foreign policy between the Conservative and Labour Parties.

At the beginning of what is crudely termed the "credit squeeze" (though it would be more constructive to define it as a branch of the Do-It-Yourself movement) there was a real risk of people starting to speak harshly of financial experts and bankers.

It was therefore heartening to note that quite soon a number of newspapers were publishing articles *sympathizing* with bank managers who now had to refuse people overdrafts on Government instructions and not of their own free will. One financial writer emphasized how much more it hurts the bank manager, who longs to help, than you who just long to be helped.

This was a very fine example of what John Kord Lagemann, in an article in the *Reader's Digest*, calls "empathy" and says there ought to be plenty more of.

"The use of empathy," writes Lagemann, "can help you increase your understanding and enjoyment of people. Empathy is the ability to appreciate the

other person's feelings without yourself becoming so emotionally involved that your judgment is affected."

He quotes the experience of a former assistant in a department store—by empathizing vigorously the man has now become a "sales executive"—who says that in his early days behind the counter he used often to be "shocked and hurt by customers' rudeness."

"Then one day when a woman started ripping into me, I suddenly thought 'Why, you poor thing, I know just how you feel. You're probably frustrated in some way and you're taking it out on me!' The woman must have sensed my changed attitude towards her, because she began to smile and even apologized.

"Ever since then I've tried to look beyond the front that people put up and ask myself how they feel inside. It's amazing how much more I like people and how much more they like me."

Try it on your tax-gatherer, your banker. How lovely to have your money taken and your request for an overdraft refused with a smile, and even

an apology. How grand to go away feeling that those men like you as much as you like them.

Lagemann goes on to show how empathy can be used in the relations between students and the teaching staff.

"One experienced educationist points out that when a student comes after class and asks for special help on a problem of chemistry, for example, what he really may want to say is 'I don't think anybody knows I'm here, and nobody cares. Please, teacher, acknowledge that I count, that I am a person.'

"In some cases it has been found that more difficulties can be resolved by acknowledging how the student feels than by explaining the study problems he brings."

It will be an excellent thing if this thought were borne firmly in mind when Parliament reassembles. Admittedly we are a highly empathetic nation already, which is one of the reasons why everyone likes us more and more, and why there are very few internal problems or situations which it is desirable to do anything much about, because to do so could outrage somebody's feelings—get them frustrated.

Yet there is always room for improvement.

"Is the Minister aware that London Bridge is falling down, and what would be the cost of its repair?"

"I'm happy indeed to hear that question from the Honourable Member for Weasel East. Not a day passes but, as I sit here on the Front Bench, I think 'Good to have the Honourable Member for Weasel East among us. Couldn't do without him. Wish we could hear his voice more often. He's one of us—one of our great big team that we call Parliament.'"

"I should like to thank the Minister for his very full, very moving and—if I may say so—to me most encouraging reply to my question. Honestly, I never knew he *cared*."

Sits down, sobbing.

For That House-Party

"Charm of bygone age: Long low style Tudor Residence mellow and full of character. Three reception, six bedrooms and dressing, three bathrooms, two garages, two acres of secluded garden and one and a half miles of Met. Station. £11,000 or near."

The Observer

Read This and Give Up

By A DOCTOR

SHOCKED by the news that yet another world figure has succumbed to the modern scourge of Statesman's Leg or *limbosis*, the man in the street is naturally anxious to learn all he can about this dread ailment, just as he is eager for the facts about lung cancer, poliomyelitis, and the many other hazards to which we are all subjected in ordinary life to-day.

CANCELLATION OF ENGAGEMENTS

Let me say at once that with *limbosis* (or limbo, as the headlines will soon be calling it), it is dangerous, and may even be unnecessary, to get unduly alarmed. The chances are that you are not a limbo victim at all. Try to keep cool about the danger. Remind yourself that it is possible to walk the streets of even a quite large town, for quite long periods, without actually seeing anyone collapse from this complaint. On the other hand, constantly worrying about it may produce a state of mind in which you imagine you have it. This is the equivalent of having it, and can lead not only to hospitalization, cancellation of engagements and other costly inconveniences, but to ultimate courses of psychiatric treatment, with all that that entails.

ANYONE

A popular error is to suppose that the disease strikes only at the public man. The fact is that until recently it has only got into the news when public men have been struck at. Do not think, therefore, that because you are not a national leader or a great industrialist you are safe. You are not. Anyone can get it. Office workers are particularly vulnerable, especially if they travel to their work by means which involve boarding and alighting from any kind of vehicle.

"FELT SOMETHING GO"

In simple, layman's language *limbosis* is a condition of the semi-tendinosus and semi-membranosus tendons, and the victim is usually heard to remark, at the onset, "I felt something go in my leg." Walking becomes painful, and there is an inclination on the part of the subject to assume a sitting or other relaxed position, to rub the affected

part, and to describe at length the time, place and circumstances governing the onset. Though the condition itself may not worsen if all possible precautions are taken at once, a secondary condition, in which the pulse increases and blood-pressure rises, may be provoked by light joking or in any way unsympathetic behaviour on the part of others.

CONSTANT FACTOR

Medical science has not yet identified all sources of the disease. They seem many and varied. Some sort of pattern has emerged, however, in an analysis of ten recent cases. This showed causes as follows:

- 1 digging in wet clay soil
- 1 treading on dog's rubber bone
- 3 stumbling against raised flagstone
- 2 alighting from car in cramped garage
- 1 removing too-tight Wellington boot
- 1 missing footing outside West End hotel
- 1 incorrect golf stance

A constant factor is revealed. Walking, or excessive use of the feet and legs in any other way, can bring on an attack.

Those who feel, therefore, that they may be prone to the disease are well advised to avoid using the feet and legs as much as possible. The interpretation of this advice must, of course, to some degree rest in the discretion of the subject, but activities to treat with caution must obviously include gardening, stair-climbing, high- or long-jumping, kicking in any form, standing, grinding objects beneath the heel, getting on or off buses, trains, horses, etc., tip-toeing for long periods, hopping, testing floor-boards with the foot and dropping from first-floor windows (in case of fire the subject should weigh the pros and cons carefully). If these simple precautions are observed there is no reason why you

should not go on enjoying life for several years to come.

BLOODSTREAM

As to treatment when the disease has ultimately been contracted, rest and food are the main rehabilitatory agents. While the one gives the affected parts an opportunity to mend and strengthen, the other, taken three or four times a day, can be relied upon to pass its beneficent ingredients into the bloodstream and thus contribute to the patient's general condition of health.

During the period of convalescence the thoughts should be turned on pleasant things. Anxiety of all kinds should be avoided, and reading matter chosen with care. To spend a month or two abroad is the ideal thing, if only to avoid our forthcoming series of twelve articles on fatal diseases of the wrist and forearm.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

More Candid Reporting

"RICH WOMAN'S MOTHER HAS BEEN CLEANER"

Daily Telegraph



Bridge Problem

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THOSE were sad words I read in my *New York Herald-Tribune* the other morning.

"The market for used bridges, always unpredictable, is in a slump. A 302-foot span, the central section of the Third Avenue Bridge across the Harlem River, was offered for sale at auction yesterday and went begging."

It proceeds:

"Bernard P. Day, president of Joseph P. Day, Inc., auctioneers, opened the sale at the Hotel McAlpin with an offer to sell the bridge for any bid above \$125,000. None of the twenty-five people in the audience wanted a bridge."

I feel frightfully sorry for Bernard P. Day. I know what it is to have a bridge on your hands and try to get rid of it. I have been through it myself. It is a longish story, but replete, unless I am wrong, with human interest.

Once a year the old alumni of my former school who work in New York hold a dinner, at which I take the chair, and on these occasions I generally let myself go a bit. You know how it is with such reunions. You toast the Queen. You toast the royal family. You toast the old school. And then you toast one another. The result is that gradually things become a little blurred, and next morning you experience a

certain difficulty in remembering just what happened in the later stages.

Well, to get on with it, I was aroused at about seven a.m. by a ring at the door bell. A delivery man with a parcel stood on the mat.

"Good morning, friend," he said. "I've brought your bridge, friend."

"Bridge?"

"The bridge you bought at three o'clock this morning from J. G. Murphy of the J. G. Murphy Contracting Co., Inc."

"But I don't know any J. G. Murphy."

"You don't? You'd like him. Nice chap. He sells bridges, and this is the one you bought in the small hours of the morning. I'll dump it by the hat-stand, shall I?"

So there I was, stuck with a steel swing bridge, and do you think I could get anyone to take it off my hands? Not a soul.

Twice I came near to it. I got into conversation with a man in a milk-bar, and—I forget how—the talk turned to bridges.

"Ah!" he said wistfully, as he downed his glass of milk, "owning bridges! That's the life. Ever since I was so high," he said, placing a hand about three feet from the floor, "I have dreamed of having a bridge of my own

—just some simple little bridge I could set up in the back garden where the kiddies could bowl their hoops across it and so forth; but it was just a dream."

"A dream that has come true," I cried with a cheery ring in my voice. "Prepare yourself for a surprise. By the most extraordinary coincidence I happen to have just such a bridge as you have always yearned for, a steel swing bridge, can carry 100,000 vehicles, 500,000 pedestrians and a million chickens daily. I will sell it to you at a sacrifice price."

"You wouldn't fool me?"

"I wouldn't."

"What is your idea of a sacrifice price?"

"Well, you pay for the milks and we'll call it square."

"It's a deal."

"You'll like this bridge. The kiddies will love it. It was constructed in 1899, has two centre trusses, upright steel networks which support the roadway, and between them lanes for vehicular traffic. Where shall I send it?"

"Jussa minute, jussa minute. Two trusses, did you say?"

"That's right, and you'd have to go a long way before you found finer trusses, if I do say it myself."

He shook his head regretfully, and the eager light died out of his eyes.

"It's off," he said. "The deal's off. I want four trusses."

The other time was when I heard that the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego were needing bridges. It was a long way to go, and it is no joke having to carry a gladstone bag with a whacking great bridge in it thousands of miles, but I stuck it out and arrived at journey's end with the muscles of my right arm pretty stiff and sore but with a song in my heart as I thought that here at last was where I got rid of the damn thing. The natives seemed friendly, so I decided to stay the night, and in the morning I sent in my card to a high Tierra del Fucgan official.

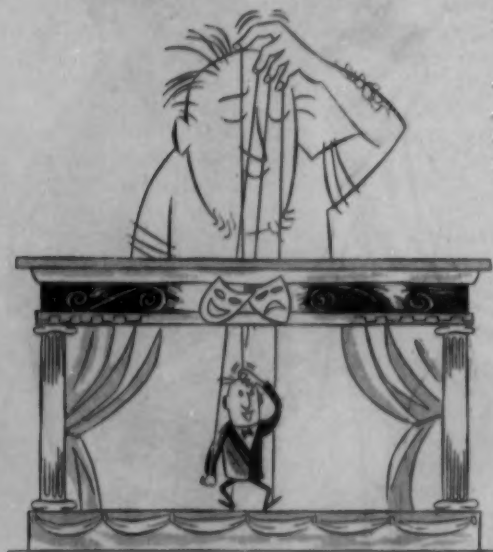
"Wodehouse is the name," I said.

"Never heard of it," he replied civilly.

"And you're not the only one," I said. "However, be that as it may, they tell me that you need bridges around here."

"Not bridges," he said. "Breeches."

It ended with my dropping the thing into the East River, and I strongly advise you, Bernard P. Day—I'm telling you this as a friend, Bernard—to do the same.



"No decision on any change in price was made known yesterday by Esso which already sells a top-grade spirit at 4s 7d. If Esso decided on the same 1d. a gallon rise, this petrol would become 4s. 8d."

Financial Times

Clear?



"And of course, madam, the new fool-proof power-operated doors . . ."

NEW TRENDS AT THE SHOW

FOR a long time it has seemed as if British automobile engineers have deliberately designed their cars to demonstrate their independence of current motoring conditions. As the roads become more and more crowded, cars become not smaller but bigger. As road accidents increase, maximum speeds are not lowered but raised. As Germans and others capture more and more foreign markets with their revolutionary designs, British motors become more and more conventional.

It is good to see that this year there are some signs that the industry is becoming a little more aware of some of the problems that are really facing it.

"Export or die" is the great alternative now facing the British motor industry. So far no manufacturer seems to have chosen the latter course. But to win the export market it is no good threading the production lines with cars

devised exclusively for the home buyer, and several manufacturers have adopted the sensible compromise of optional modifications which will make the one model equally suitable for "home and away." One well-known 8 h.p. baby, for example, is meeting the challenge of the rear-engined Fiats, Renaults and Volkswagens by reversing the seats and positioning the steering-column in the space formerly occupied by the offside rear passenger. The resulting car, with its single high ratio forward speed and choice of four reverses, is probably the most original design to be seen at Earl's Court this year. No other maker is showing anything quite so daring as this, but the firm responsible for the imitation wire wheels which for the past year or so have been so successful with socially-ambitious owners of disc-wheeled cars is exhibiting several promising novelties. There is, for

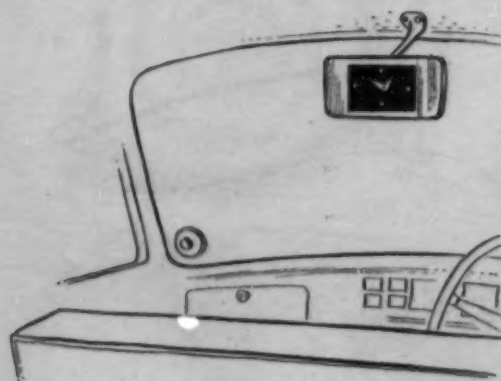
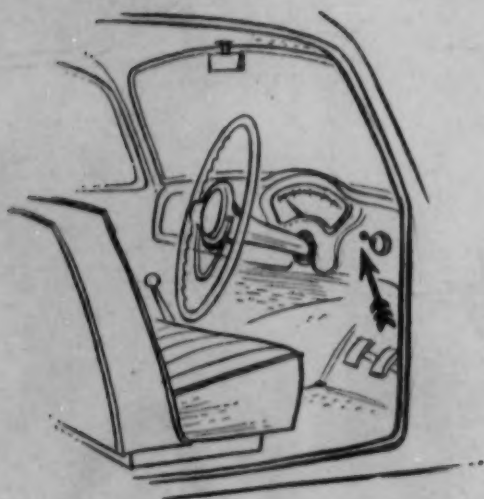
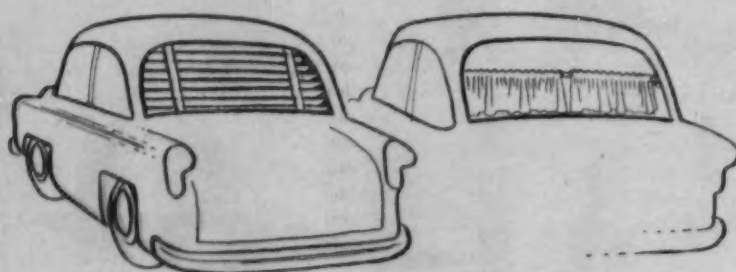
example, the four-foot-long American-style boot, complete with fin-shaped rear mudguards, which can be attached to the back of most British small cars with a couple of bolts. For those who demand a more modern front-end treatment than most British manufacturers provide, there is a combined front bumper and radiator grille which appears to be made of chromium-plated aluminium but is in fact a lightweight affair of inflatable rubber which can be "let down" for parking in confined spaces.

Another firm is exhibiting a useful line in pliable strips of anodized aluminium which can readily be bent into words like "Plastomatic," "Supo-drive" or any of the meaningless combinations of letters and figures with which manufacturers to-day tend to label their products, and attached by special clips to appropriate parts of the

OPPOSITE.—The vogue for Venetian blinds in rear windows was bound to lead to further developments, such as these lace curtains on Stand 5432.

BELOW, LEFT.—The underdrive for urban traffic fitted to the Criterion 10 is operated by a handy switch.

BELOW, RIGHT.—This driving-mirror clock on Stand 4321 makes the most of the area available for the face.



coachwork, where the effect is highly contemporary if not exactly intelligent.

Perhaps the most imaginative assault on the Continental market to be seen in the accessories part of the show is found on B. Brown and Sons' stand, where the clocks have been calibrated in the 24-hour system.

The invasion of ultra-light vehicles bearing such old and well-loved names as Messerschmitt, Dornier and Heinkel is still a problem unsolved by the home industry. There are, however, persistent rumours of a new three-wheeler from the Vickers-Supermarine stable, whose production of Swift aircraft has had to be rigorously curtailed in order to meet the wishes of Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, the former M.P.

The congestion characteristic of English roads has long been a challenge ignored by British manufacturers, who blithely announce every year that their 120 m.p.h. models can now be fitted with an overdrive which will enable them to reach 160 m.p.h. This year there are signs that some manufacturers in the lower price bracket are coming down to earth. For example, one popular 10 h.p. family saloon is offered with an optional underdrive for bottom gear, giving a ratio of 625 to 1, which is ideal for bank holiday conditions on our great trunk roads. Our representative was recently given the opportunity of trying one of these out on the road, and was able to increase his time from Syon Lane on the Great West

This adaptation of the popular screen-washer washes the entire car at the touch of a button on the dashboard. Stand 3219.



Road to the junction with Chiswick High Road by twenty-three minutes. His all-in time of four hours, fifty-two minutes compares well with performances obtainable on many much more expensive cars.

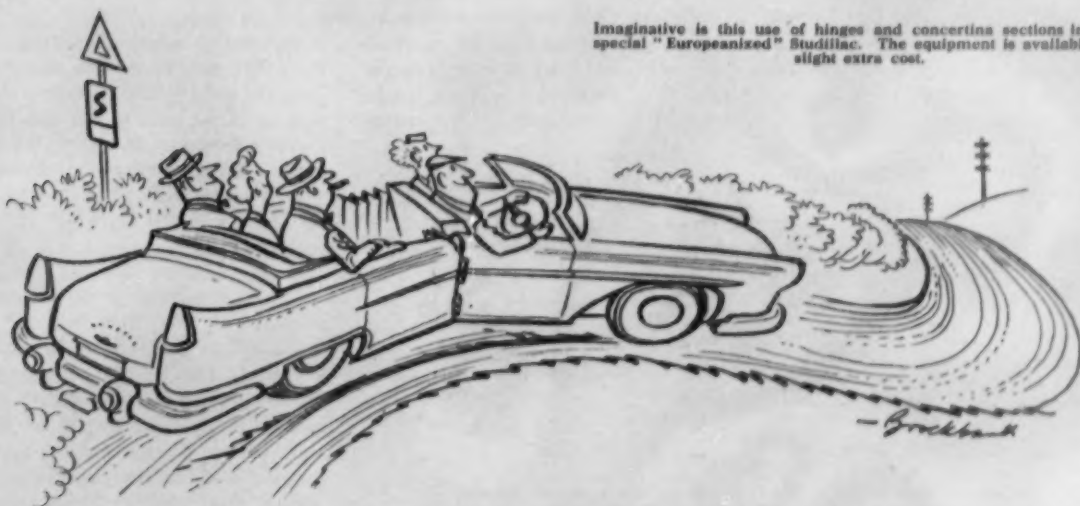
Unfortunately the cost of fitting the underdrive is considerable; but to compensate for this the makers are introducing a new *sans luxe* model designed to keep the price within the utility bracket. By leaving off such costly equipment as wheels and tyres, radiator and petrol-tank caps, upholstery and so forth, they have been able to reduce the price by £17 10s. The additional cost for the underdrive is

£245, making the all-up cost of this ideal family car £1,217 1s. 10d., inclusive of purchase-tax.

Various methods have been adopted to ease the owner-driver's difficulties in finding parking-space on our grossly overcrowded streets. Most ingenious is the system adopted on one small sports car, where the sweeping lines have been led at an easy gradient almost down to road-level, thus forming a ramp up which a second car can be driven.

All in all, this can be said to be a show which, although containing nothing sensational, shows that manufacturers are fully aware of the problems confronting the industry. Only one really

Imaginative is this use of hinges and concertina sections in the special "Europeanized" Studillac. The equipment is available at slight extra cost.



RIGHT.—For those who cannot decide which type of direction-indicator to fit, the Flucas "Galaxy" provides a happy solution.



BELOW.—After the tubeless tyre, the tyreless tyre. It is claimed to provide ultra-soft riding on ultra-smooth roads.

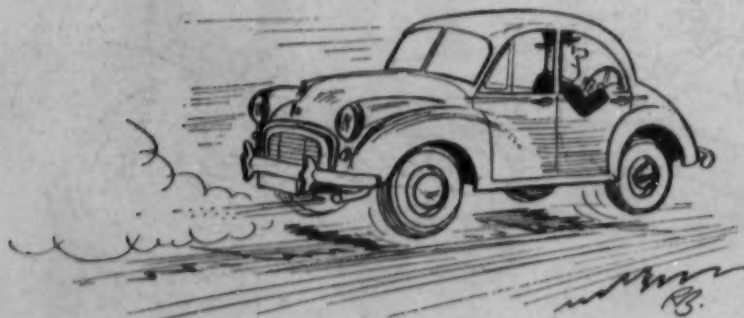


revolutionary design is on exhibition, the 2 cc. Shinwell, which is powered by heavy water. It will be remembered that when Mr. Shinwell was Minister of Fuel and Power he was invited to see a demonstration of this car, but that it was stolen while he was on his way. Unfortunately a similar misfortune seems to have struck the manufacturers once more, and the power unit of this most interesting design is missing. The remainder of the car is built on conventional lines and gives no clue as to what might have been under the bonnet, if anything.

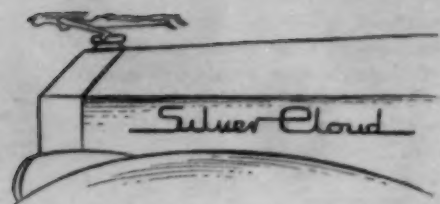
Equipment this year on all but the higher-priced cars tends to be severely practical rather than lavish. The

starting-handle, already abolished by those firms in which American influence, not to say American capital, is uppermost, is less and less often seen, and the representatives on the stands of battery manufacturers tend to wear increasingly smug expressions. Less smug, but equally satisfied, are the representatives of firms manufacturing tow-ropes.

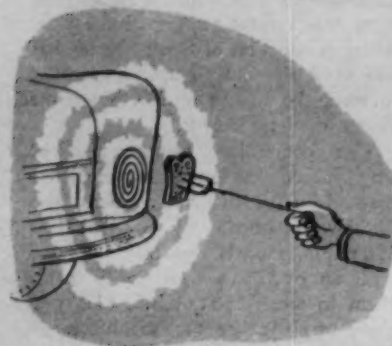
One manufacturer has set a bold lead by offering his car without a spare-wheel. This, of course, abolishes the need for jacks, braces, tyre-levers, and similar costly and cumbersome equipment, and we may expect these to disappear from the tool-boxes of many popular cars. The space made available can be occupied by fitted picnic-sets, dressing-



The modern trend for placing the engine at the back is happily realized in this new "baby" from a well-known British firm.



Two detail alterations have been incorporated to add an up-to-date look to this essentially classical "front-end."



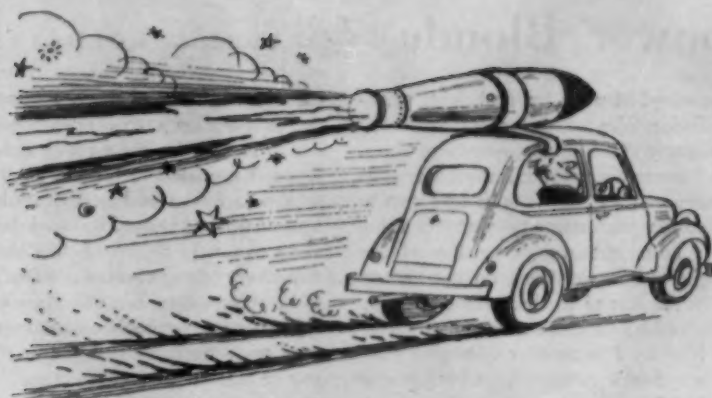
ABOVE.—Austin owners who have long felt the potentialities of their rear-lights will be glad to see this equipment on Stand 67a9.

BELOW.—Winter-grade fuel for the Shinwell heavy-water engine.



cases, wardrobes and other articles of a like utility nature. In this way manufacturers will be able to show a steady increase in the price of their product—a vitally necessary feature if the campaign against purchase-tax is to be waged successfully—while ensuring that no item is included for which an extra sum could be demanded in a *de luxe* model.

Although nothing is to be seen so startling as the new models that electrified the Paris *Salon* last month, this year's Earl's Court maintains the enviable reputation of the British motor industry for good, steady, middle-of-the-road design—a reputation spread all over our island by countless fairly good, fairly steady, middle-of-the-road drivers.

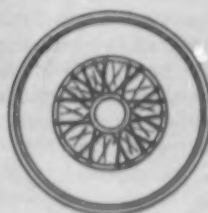


Practical in the extreme is the Mach-pach auxiliary booster for cold-weather starting. It works on the rocket principle and burns nitric acid and hydrogen peroxide from built-in tanks.



LEFT.—The Continental influence is seen in this 24-hour clock shown by H. Brown and Sons.

RIGHT.—This imitation imitation wire wheel, which is indistinguishable from a real wire wheel, should be popular.



WORTH NOTING AT EARL'S COURT

Venerable Motors show an initiative which our own industry would do well to copy in their twenty-five-foot-long Studillac (illustrated at foot of earlier page), which is available to the British purchaser in a special version hinged in the middle.

Drivers who know the irritation of constant damage to the paintwork caused by hitting animals and pedestrians in built-up areas will welcome the miniature cowcatcher shown on Stand 2345. Known as the "Catcatcher," this is bolted to the front bumper and is said to make it possible to run down even quite large pedestrians at any speed without so much as a scratch on the wings.

Owners of Austin cars have long been dimly conscious of the potentialities of those round rear-lights. The Cooko, exhibited on Stand 6789, now supplies the answer with a ready conversion into a powerful toaster. The price is 3 gns., or with matching chromium toasting-fork, 4 gns.

Non-dazzle lights of a new pattern are being shown by Messrs. Hocus. These revert to a principle formerly widely employed but now unfashionable, in which a cotton wick is supported in a vertical position with the lower end immersed in paraffin oil. The beam given when the upper end is ignited is of a soft yellow character and tests show that observers are undazzled even at point-blank range.

A more revolutionary anti-dazzle device is being shown on the Männlicher stand. The popular "300"

model is ideal for the private motorist, but the larger "50" will cope with any vehicle up to the 10-ton "artic." with single headlamp pointing straight down the highway.

Fans of "vintage" and "veteran" cars are not neglected at Earl's Court. Phonicans, Ltd., on Stand 9876, display a range of imitation starting-handles which give a most satisfactorily "period" look to many contemporary front-ends. The *de luxe* edition is fitted with a roller-bearing in the shaft, enabling the cranked portion to be rotated freely through 360 degrees.

Flucas Ltd. is marketing a "rear-end conversion," suitable for most

current and recent models, which is designed to help motorists who have not yet made up their mind which pattern of direction-indicator they prefer. By combining all existing patterns, the "Galaxy" ensures adequate warning in every direction.

The rainbow colour-schemes seen on the Hillman stand and the three-tone effect achieved economically in two colours by Vauxhalls have naturally set off a wave of colour rivalry. Two notable examples are shown in the coachwork section, the "mosaic finish" saloon on Stand 4567, where the effect is obtained ingeniously by the use of one colour, and the monochrome finish of the *coupe de ville* on Stand 5678, which is obtained even more ingeniously by the use of sixteen colours.

Among the countless gadgets for eliminating dazzle which are to be seen at this year's show, none is more effective than this "300" to be seen on the Männlicher Stand.



The Sixty Horse-power Blonde

By PATRICK GOLDRING

THE item which provides my favourite solace and sustenance in the evening paper I read as I strap-hang home is the report of Our Motoring Correspondent on the latest marvel of the car manufacturer's art. This is not because I personally have any difficulty in deciding whether to buy the £3,000 Panther Special Mark X, whose shortcomings in the matter of rear window vision he rehearses to-day, or the imported economy model he was

praising last week for its bright, price-reducing idea of dispensing with upholstery. (I take the same line about cars as some of my more cultured friends take about television: until I happen to have the price of one to spare, the thing is a social menace, destructive of our higher values, which I do not care to own for fear of its deleterious effect on the children's characters.)

Nor do I value Our Motoring Correspondent's dispatches for purple

passages about the poetry of motion and the exhilaration of the open road, for left to himself he has a pretty straightforward approach to his job. Put him in a new model and he'll just do his routine drive to Oxford and back, belting along at ninety to see whether there is any sway, taking corners too fast so as to be able to complain of a tendency to heel over, and probably infuriating other road users by continually cutting in to test acceleration and steering. His opinion of a car is based on such prosaic matters as its performance, comfort and practical efficiency.

It is the shadowy trio who accompany him on every jaunt who add mystery and romance to an otherwise sordidly professional exposition. He refers to them evasively as "my woman companion" and "my back seat passengers"—peculiar coyness in a newspaper which as a rule likes you to know the full name, address, age, marital state and opinions on sex of anybody who makes even the most fleeting appearance in its columns.

Nevertheless, scattered clues enable one to build up some sort of picture of the characters of these back-room boys and girls of the motoring critic's world. One would guess, for instance, that "my woman companion"—I see her as sort of haughty-looking and got up regardless, terribly smart if you like that sort of thing but not quite real—is a no more than reasonably competent driver. The reader is never actually told of her mishaps with policemen, pedestrians and other cars' wings, but she is always complaining that the clutch is difficult for her high heels (this is probably an excuse for stalling embarrassingly at Hyde Park Corner), and she seems pathetically grateful if the car is light to steer and the gears easy to manage.

As a judge of cars, though, I rate her well above Our Motoring Correspondent. She is magnificently unconcerned with what goes on under the bonnet. She takes all the mechanical wonders as read and concentrates on the really vital points. After all, for £4,723 8s. 1d., including purchase tax, you expect the thing to work reasonably well. But as far as she is concerned the makers can keep their Roadmaster Sports De Luxe,



"If the Means Test man calls, don't tell him we've gone to the Motor Show."

with its new revolutionary engine design, automatic gears, overdrive and patent fuel injector if it doesn't have a shelf under the dashboard for her handbag. For her the acid test of a car is not whether you can do seventy miles an hour in third gear in it—who wants to, anyway?—but whether you can get in and out of it without loss of dignity and whether the upholstery colours match.

"My back seat passengers," one senses, take an altogether gloomier view of life. They suspect, probably rightly, that Our Motoring Correspondent and his woman companion don't really want them along, and indeed they often find themselves abandoned half-way without explanation or so much as a "thank you." ("There was a noticeable access of liveliness on the hills with only two passengers.") The back seat boys are bulky and tall beyond the average, being evidently chosen for their physique rather than their conversation. Their contribution to any discussion of the car's merits is usually confined to complaints that they haven't enough headroom or that it is difficult to climb out of a two-door saloon. Until one of these chaps turns up in "What's My Line?" miming grazing his knee on the back of the front seat and revealing himself finally as a member of the National Amalgamated Society of Motoring Writers' Mates, we shall never know how they are recruited or what they are paid, but I would hazard the guess that they are retired sandwichmen, glad of a sit-down after years on the hoof but dourly conscious of having missed some of the sweets of life.

But to get back to this woman companion, with her ridiculously high heels and her handbag complex—she cannot be Our Motoring Correspondent's wife, or he would be obliged to say so. ("That was no lady . . . that was my woman companion"? Mm, no.) The current romantic fancy, then: do motoring correspondents have a girl in every garage? Perhaps. At any rate, her forthright condemnation of cars deficient in lipstick pockets rules out the otherwise plausible theory that she is a seductress supplied with the car by the makers to charm the correspondent into an appreciative frame of mind.

My own deduction from the available data is that she is one of those starlets that film producers are always discovering, signing on seven-year contracts and then wondering what on earth to do with short of putting them into films. The girls have to be employed somehow when they are not on duty in improbable costumes at charity premières, and what could be more suitable than the dignified, decorative and not too taxing chore of motoring correspondent's woman companion—with the ever-present possibility of useful publicity?

This would explain the somewhat equivocal attitude towards her of Our Motoring Correspondent. He enjoys taking the girl out (especially when he has got rid of his obligatory back seat passengers) and is glad to have his readers divine that she is elegant, well-groomed and in every way a credit to his taste. Yet he cannot announce her identity and status without giving her publicity which has been sternly forbidden by the newspaper's proprietor, engaged as he almost certainly is in one of his periodic feuds with the film industry.

Indeed, by reading closely between the lines over the months I am now almost sure I can identify her as Desirée Durkins, the Surbiton Personality Girl who appeared (and, as I remember, appeared pretty embarrassed) as one of

a troupe of sketchily-clad nautch girls introduced into a British domestic comedy film to give it international appeal. Her occasional lack of concentration I put down to a persistent daydream in which she sees herself starring as Annie Laurie in a wide-screen epic called *You Tak' the High Road*, with Stereophonic bagpipes. Naturally this causes her now and then to lose the thread and run over a couple of cyclists. ("My woman companion reported the steering a shade on the heavy side.")

Eager as we may be for more details about Our Motoring Correspondent's woman companion, however, I know that he is right to keep her as far as possible anonymous in the background. For he is fighting a gallant rearguard action against the day when the girl columnists and fashion writers take over from him. The multiplication of colour schemes and the appointment of women advisers on style by the big manufacturers point to the end of the era when the car was as masculine as the pipe. Under the new dispensation, as Our Motoring Correspondent knows, the girl columnists will describe the new season's motoring creations with only a passing reference to "a man friend's" assessment of its performance. One likes to think there will be a sad shaking of heads among the back seat passengers.

Olympian Vision

I HITCHED my station wagon to some stars,

Stepped on the good old ether and let rip.

By Sunday morning I'd arrived at Mars—

An average of 64. Nice trip!

The Martians go on very much like us,

But half a century at least ahead.

Their cars, for instance. Everyone owns his bus—

Wide, low-slung, streamlined, yellow, green or red.

Performance figures? Fifty m.p.g.;

Acceleration like a scalded cat;

A hundred and ten up hills of one in three;

Two hundred cruising speed, boy. Think of that!

As for their sports-jobs . . .

What? The *canals*? Oh, those!

Really *too* simple, once you've got the clue.

Those are just traffic-jams—cars tail to nose

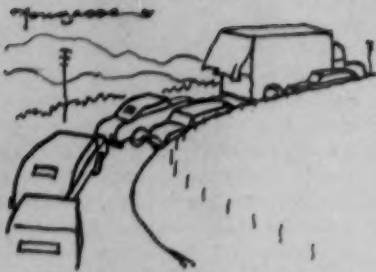
For hundreds and hundreds of miles on end. It's true.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



Broad Highway

"Yes, thanks, we had a very good run indeed—



First we queued up behind a large red lorry, and followed it for about five miles—



then we travelled behind a little blue van for two—



and a sort of yellowish horse-box for seven—



after which we followed a pale-green trailer caravan for nearly eight miles—



a military convoy for six—



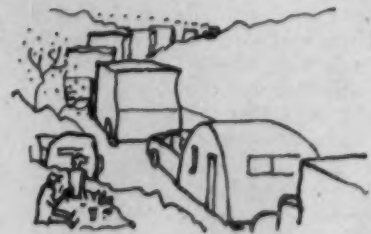
an aeroplane float for twelve and a half—



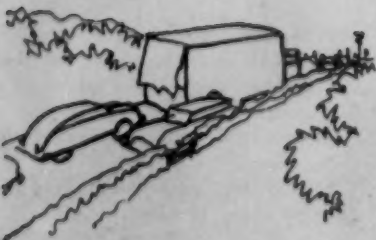
a travelling circus for four and three-quarters—



and a tank fourteen—



we then stopped and picnicked by the roadside and watched the tank go by, followed by the travelling circus, the aeroplane float, the military convoy, the pale-green trailer-caravan, the sort of yellowish horse-box, the little blue van and the large red lorry—



and after that we started again, and queued up behind the large red lorry for about five miles—



the little blue van for two—



the sort of yellowish horse-box for three, the pale-green . . ."

Mood Music

By PAUL DEHN

FDHO16. EAST OF MALTA. Heavy oriental opening becoming more oriental; dance-type developing into flowing theme, building up to heavy oriental atmosphere; then returning to oriental dance-type, finishing with a very strong Eastern climax.

SPEAKING as a film-critic technically equipped to write any number of absolutely first-class, Oscar-winning films if I could only think what to write them *about*, I rejoice at having finally laid hands on a document which solves all my inspirational problems. This is a catalogue of "Mood Music" recorded by Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter, who will be pleased to provide (for a picture's sound-track) orchestral renditions suited to "almost every conceivable degree of mood and situation." What pleases me, however, is the sudden discovery that I now cannot stop myself from writing film situations suited to each and all of Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter's descriptively-catalogued recordings. For the descriptions are either so full and precise as to constitute a springboard for immediate dramatic inspiration, or so curt and baffling as to provide any conscientious author with a sort of literary challenge.

FDHO93. BARCAROLLE. As the title suggests: pastorate.

I dive for my dictionary. *Barcarolle*: a song sung by Venetian gondoliers. *Pastorate*: an instrumental composition representing pastoral sounds and scenes. *Pastoral*: of or pertaining to shepherds, cowherds, etc. How to effect a synthesis?

"Ciao, Filiberto."

"Buona sera, Giovanni."

"Why have you an old cow in your gondola?"

"I am taking her to be milked in the Piazza San Marco. Why have you an old sheep in yours?"

"I am taking her to be fleeced on the Lido."

DUET

Vino, vino, camarierino!

Drink shepherds must, and drink
cowherds shall!

Figlie, figlie, due bottiglie!

One for the road, and one for the
canal, etc.

SLOW FADE, as the sun finally sets behind the haystacks on the Punta della Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari.

FDHO1202. FESTIVAL ROYAL. "Pomp and Circumstance" style. Vigorous rhythmic sections contrasting with broad dignified sections. Big finish with bells and suggestion only of "God Save the Queen."

"Faith, good master landlord, if the defeat of the Armada by good master Drake should indeed eventuate, how shall thou hear the good tidings?"

"Marry, sir, the folks will light a goodly beacon some place, which my daughter, observing from her penthouse apartment yonder, wilt communicate with good master sexton who wilt command a goodly peal of—"

FADE-IN bells—now vigorous and rhythmic, now contrastingly broad and dignified.

—but hark! The Bells! Come, sir, let me fill thy ewer with ale from yon pitcher. 'Tis victory indeed!"

"How goodly they ring! 'Tis almost as though they sang 'God . . . Save . . . Our . . . Gracious—' Quick, master landlord, hand me yon virginals. I must set down the vocal line."

"'Tis a rare tune thou strummst, master stranger. What be thy name?"

MUSIC rises to big finish.

"Thomas P. Arne."

* * * * *

FDHO16b. THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES. Heavy, dramatic, impending danger, sinister situations in the middle of the record, shipwreck, fires, floods, bridges washed away; very powerful.

"Why's the sky gone green, Clint?"

"Cain't tell, Virg."

"Why's the wind blowin' my hair this-a-way an' your hair that-a-way? Why's the sea like it was steamin', an' the fish all dead?"

"Ain't no sayin, Virg."

"Clint, I'm frightened."

"Sure, Virg, sure."

"Sump'n's goin' to happen. Sump'n heavy, sump'n powerful, sump'n—
a-a-a-A-A-AH!"

"Stick to the ship, Virg!"

"It's wrecked, Clint."

"The lighthouse, then!"

"It's on fire, Clint."

"The harbour bridge!"

"It's washed away, Clint."

"Only one thing for it, Virg. Make for the shore!"

"It's flooded. Oh, Clint, what'll we do? There ain't no shore no more."

"No more there ain't, Virg. It sure is a sinister situation."

* * * * *

FDHO34. ARCTIC WASTES. Wandering and uncertain, presence of danger, desolation. Plodding type of music. Strong brass theme at end. Dramatic.

"Lift up my head, Nenépuk. I think I'm going. Are those the Northern Lights, or is something wrong with my damned eyes? Snow, snow, snow . . . whiter than Daphne's arms . . . wonder what she's doing now, Nenépuk. Walking the dogs on Lower Fourpenny? Plod, plod, plod, bless her. But you're an Eskimo. You wouldn't understand.

WIND-MACHINE up.



"Wind's getting up. Cold, cold . . . why can't I feel my foot? Dead. Dead like all the Gang. The Gang! Dear heaven, I think they're calling me from the Other Side . . .

Strong BRASS-THEME full in.

"Was that a trumpet sounding?"

"No. Him walrus."

* * * * *

FDHO65. LAMBS IN CLOVER. Dainty and melodious—suggests cocktail parties and garden parties.

"So stunning to give an Iced Cup party in the grounds, Lady Sybilla. And such delicious hostess-dainties! But what shall I do with my olive-stones?"

"Plant them there, Lord Lieutenant. We are hoping to start a grove."

* * * * *

FDHO20. THE TAKE-OFF. (Airways Suite No. 1). Bubbling type of music, slightly mysterious.

"Stewardess! What is that slightly mysterious bubbling sound?"

"Lady Pauncefort, sir. I have given her a paper bag."

* * * * *

It is a pity that most of these record-

ings inspire only the sort of fragmentary writing which the credit-titles will merely announce as "Additional Dialogue by Paul Dehn." One or two, however, plunge us powerfully and irretrievably (but how gratefully!) into the turbulent vortex of a Full-scale Plot.

FDHO61. BITS AND PIECES. Opening with very strong dramatic theme, moving into romance for about 18 secs. followed by light entr'acte which suggests running up and down stairs, following with a chase and broad ending.

CLOSE-UP: RICKY's index finger tightening on the trigger of his revolver, whose muzzle swings slowly towards us.

RICKY (between set teeth): The fact that you're Elaine's husband (heaven help her!) may entitle you to many privileges, but it does not entitle you to blackmail. You're going to die, Grandison—die.

TRACK FORWARD till revolver muzzle fills entire CinemaScope screen.

GRANDISON (less suavely): Easy, Ricky, easy. Put that thing down. Killing me won't kill what's past. Elaine may be Lady Grandison, now, but she was once a slatternly, dissolute b—

BURST-WIPE to tremendous explosion as the revolver fires. **ZOOM BACK** to include RICKY in medium-shot, holding smoking weapon; and ELAINE standing in open doorway behind.

ELAINE: Ricky, you did this for me?

CUT to RICKY, wildly spinning round.

RICKY (as he stops spinning): My darling, I did it for us. (He kisses her for 18 sec.) The very touch of your lips turns my body to water. Do you mind if I run upstairs for a minute?

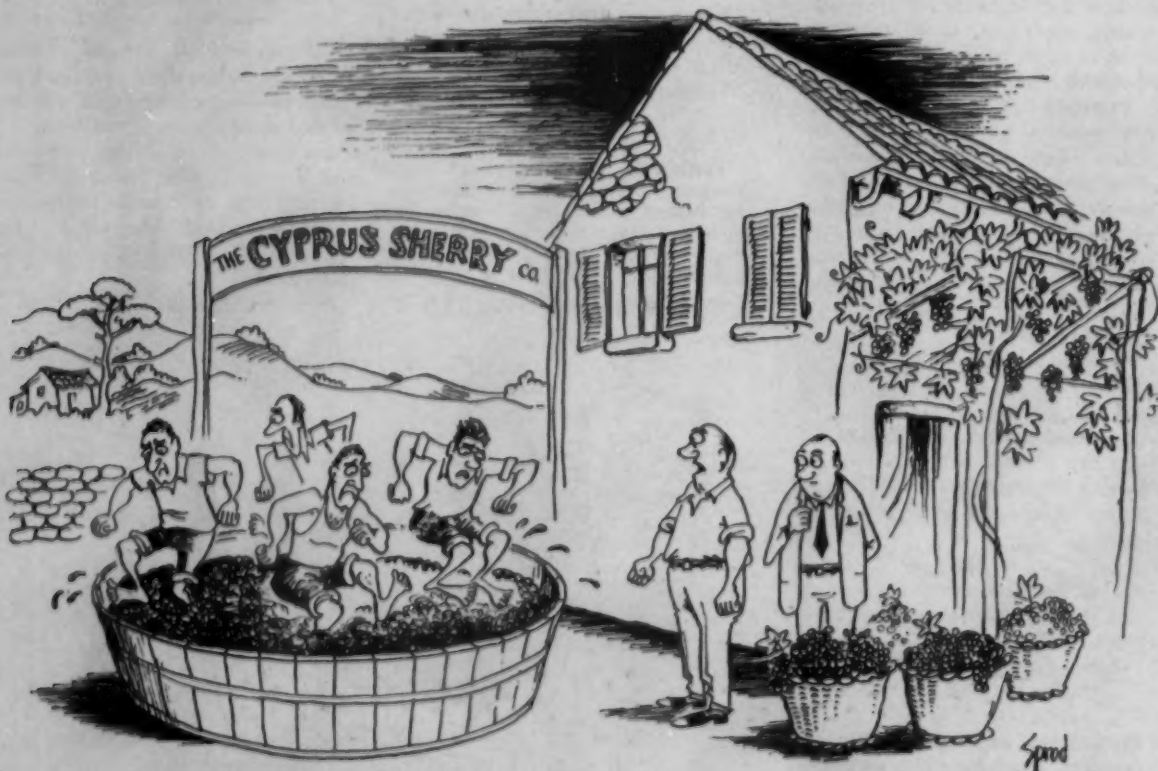
ELAINE: Do you mind if I run after you?

FADE-IN "chase" music as she pursues him to the top of the stairs, where he comically trips face-forward and brings her down on top of him. In this position the two slide again to the foot of the stairs where they lie on top of GRANDISON's cadaver, laughing helplessly.

* * * * *

The only recording which gives me pause is FDH1203 "FLUTTER YOUR FANS"—a gay, lilting little melody somewhat indeterminately described as "suitable for any scene in which crinolines are seen."

Like the death of the Prince Consort?



"That's right, men. Enosis with Greece! Down with the British tyrants!"



Waters of Culture

By LORD KINROSS

ONCE, by the waters of Cheltenham, men sat down and slept: monarchs, suffering from distended livers; the proconsuls and colonels of a declining Empire, overburdened with the leisure which is the penalty of retirement. The chairs they slept in now lie empty in the bow windows of the aged New Club. With the fall of the Empire no colonels retire. Thanks to a beneficent democracy they work till they die—no longer as colonels, no longer in Cheltenham. Only an occasional survivor, in spare jodhpurs, leads an aged dog into the Club.

Those who to-day take the waters of Cheltenham are an élite concerned with higher vocations: the making of spare parts for aircraft within the secret parks of a stately factory near by; the penning of bureaucratic prose for the Foreign Office (Communications) or the Coal Board (Midland Region), housed in stately Regency crescents. The sons and daughters of the colonels queue for jobs as high-grade draughtsmen and statistical assistants. The waters they take are no longer of alkaline salts but of culture; the medical baths are a theatrical club; in the municipal motto, *Salubritas et Eruditio* (Health and Learning), the emphasis is now on *Eruditio*. Lately, in their festive English way, the people of Cheltenham enjoyed a rollicking feast of Contemporary Literature.

Once it was proper for authors to be read and not seen. To-day rather, they are seen and heard—but not read.

Now, in the shop windows of Cheltenham, their names were inscribed on playbills fashioned in cardboard, like classical tombstones: star names like those of Sir Compton Mackenzie, Marghanita Laski, Eric Linklater, GILBERT HARDING and Company. Wearing dinner-jackets and evening dresses, which authors now possess, they appeared on the stage in a variety of literary turns, seated on Chippendale chairs amid ferns and cinerarias before functional tables with microphones. The supporting cast, names billed as large, included performers from Cotswold country houses, such as authors now inhabit.

Packed houses applauded them: audiences composed not of the Cheltenham élite alone but of the élite-to-be, from the Cheltenham colleges, one for ladies, several for gentlemen (called more modestly boys), together with rows of distinguished elderly ladies—colonels' ladies perhaps, or ladies' ladies, from the classrooms—their hair turning tranquilly from silver to mauve, their opera-glasses fixed on the stars. In former years they have enjoyed such treats as *Chaucer's View of Women*, *Why Verse? The Liberties of the Mind*, *Hurrah for Books!* This time the opening act was *Full of Prejudice*, a piece full of racy, light dialogue.

The leading rôle was played by Sir Compton, an Olivier of literature arrayed in a silvery beard, showing a talent for comedy and a versatile range of interests—"music and Siamese cats,"



Eric Burgin

the programme told us, "lilies and rhododendrons." Destined to stardom from boyhood, he was, as his audience soon gathered, a prodigy, reading *Don Quixote* at six and *Don Juan* at nine, with Fielding and Smollett in between, and precociously damning the cold draughts of the Brontës and the "melancholy hikes" of *Pilgrim's Progress*. His leading lady, starred as Miss E. Arnot Robertson but after the manner of stars Lady Something in private ("in summer she and her husband and son chug about the canals in a wheezy little motor cruiser"), recited her contempt for the "false hair on the chest school," this giving a cue to lesser performers.

Dog eating dog, alive and dead, they declaimed against Henry James, Herman Melville, J. C. Powys, Kingsley Amis, Aldous Huxley ("woman's magazine stuff . . . pretentious nonsense . . . fills me with physical revulsion"). A gentleman in black, coming up from the body of the hall as though to be saved, mounted the platform and intoned over the microphone that he was "thoroughly bored by the poetry of William Wordsworth." He was quickly silenced by the Knight, protesting in accents worthy of Sir Laurence, "Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour." Another aspirant silenced him in turn, announcing that he had been brought up on *Don Quixote* ("Don Kihoty") in the original Spanish, and it was the most boring book ever written.

Urbanely Sir Compton, the practised entertainer, slid into a new number. He did a spirited impersonation of H. G. Wells on D. H. Lawrence ("Whatever did he have to go off to *Arabia* for?") and of D. H. Lawrence on World War II ("It won't happen. I won't have it"); then wound up with a rousing burlesque of himself, Mr. GILBERT HARDING, Mr. Kingsley Martin and a Siamese, performing in a B.B.C. brains trust. (*Laughter and Loud Applause.*)

Entertainments of this nature continued throughout the week, with various performing authors. One named Strong discoursed on Strong Words ("the pun is unintentional"), reciting, amid learned observations, an anecdote in Cockney, another in West-Country dialect and a poem in Scots, and concluding with a short story of his own in the Irish brogue. Another, with the grandiloquent initials "H. E.," discoursed on the manufacture of short stories, illuminating his theme with homely metaphors from the shop window, the nursery and the kitchen ("it's like making a soufflé"), and quotations from Chekhov, the Bible, Mr. Hemingway and himself—but not Mr. Maugham.

Six budding performers, "pioneers of the future" compered by a benevolent elder named Church, then explained why they wrote: "Because I got bored with washing napkins . . . To keep the

aimlessness of life at bay . . . It was just that something seemed to boil up inside me . . . In the beginning was the word. I'm sure it was spoken by the poet long before it was spoken by God." One named Graham, amid rapturous applause, broke into song, crooning over his microphone an air he had heard sung by a drunken miner on a Glasgow tram.

Basking in the glow of stardom, the authors rose from triumph to triumph to Talks over the Tea-table, a prize-giving for TV plays, a debate for the schools, both ladies' and boys', and thus to the final apotheosis of Mr. GILBERT HARDING and all. Perhaps, however, the star turn of the week was that of a popular performing pair, familiar to audiences as Jack and Jacquetta. The Lunts of Literature, he in a silvery suit, she in a hat flat as the capital of a Doric column, they told awestruck guests at a bookseller's banquet the tale of a journey they had made "Down a Rainbow."

Very little writing was done during the week. In the intervals of performing, and of eating and drinking, there was talking. The authors, like lesser mortals, talked shop. They talked of literature—and they talked of taxation. One of them recalled, with a hint of nostalgia, that Lord Tennyson got a retainer of £7,000 a year, tax free—for writing poetry. Victims of the popular thirst for culture and of the national thirst for super-tax, the authors of to-day step forward speech-making, lecturing, broadcasting, arguing, joking, answering conundrums, playing parlour-games—even singing—for their suppers. Give them a rebate and they would all go thankfully back to their desks.

Or would they?



"When they make one that can sort out two women drivers with their bumpers locked, I'll concede that automation is here to stay."

"EMPLOYMENT OFFICER. A West London engineering company is seeking a man between 32 and 47 who has held similar appointment for some time and has a good personnel background. The post is permanent and superannuated.—Please, give full details and salary required. E.O. 12874."

"EMPLOYMENT OFFICER. A West London engineering company is seeking a man between 32 and 47 who has held a similar appointment for some time and has a good personnel background. The post is permanent and superannuated.—Please give full details and salary required to E.A. 12704."

Daily Telegraph

Any objection to twins?

Etiquette on Four Meals a Day

Tea

NOT so long ago a beautiful girl on a cruise used to dance with one of the ship's officers, a slick figure in a white uniform. One day after she had returned to her London home she happened to see him again, a dim figure in a brown suit leaning against a lamp-post. Shaken but resolute, she invited him to tea at her father's house, but when he was shown into the drawing-room he was still clutching a hat, a stick and some gloves. The embarrassment of getting rid of these objects blotted out all memory of any conversation, and she never even knew why he had been leaning against a lamp-post. The sad thing about this story is that it was only a time-lag in etiquette, and no absolute error, that turned a sticky social patch into a hideous quagmire. It was indeed once the custom to take hats, gloves and sticks into well-conducted drawing-rooms; the hat (a top hat, of course) was placed upwards on the ground with the gloves inside it, but the stick could be retained in the hand. The young man in the brown suit had obviously consulted an eighty-year-old work on Etiquette, and not content with trying to avoid the many traps that still exist at tea-time, had dug an out-of-date pit for himself into which he disappeared for ever.

Before attempting to deal with the problems which confront anyone who is obliged to give or receive tea, let it be quite clear that tea throughout means a light meal taken between 4 and 6 p.m., and not a good tuck-in with fish, cake and custard taken between 5 and 7 p.m. In other words we are considering Tea Etiquette as it appears to those who are expecting some pretty solid eatables in a couple of hours' time.

The social ups and downs of the last few years have played merry hell with most meals, reducing, at moments, breakfast to a crust, luncheon to a sandwich, and dinner to a *je ne sais quoi*, but in these islands it takes more than the Cobalt Age to blow out the lamp under a spirit kettle.

However carefully hospitality is accepted, however carefully inhospitality is practised, no one is safe from the moment when she finds herself

handing round her own bread and butter which falls on her own carpet, or someone else's bread-and-butter which falls on her own clothes.

Bread-and-butter is, of course, the classic beginning of tea, flat bread-and-butter and not rolled up, though there is no objection from the point of view of Etiquette to anyone doubling their slice in half. With the b.-and-b. an attractive side dish of scones, crumpets or toast is sometimes provided, but only those who are faced with an evening of Wagner or who are free from calory *angst* should lace into both. While anyone can accept the last piece of bread-and-butter and, the time-worn jests that accompany it, be advised to refuse the last crumpet—it will be cold. Incidentally it is never advisable to press food unasked on a hostess, as many feel outraged by such behaviour and there is no greater blackener of social reputations than an outraged hostess.

Tea napkins are not Etiquette, so before helping yourself to honeycomb consider if the ecstasy it brings is worth the risk that, if your handkerchief is too dirty, too small, or too ragged to appear in public, you will have to wipe your hands on the furniture or your clothes. Jam is also a pitfall and should be limited to one helping, for even the most generous host will give a cry of pain when the guest digs for the fifth time into the peach jam made from rare fresh peaches. Moving on to cakes, the best that can be hoped for is that these will neither explode when bitten nor produce slow poisoning later in the stomach. (On being asked what made

her cakes so delicious one hostess carelessly replied "Animal blood plasma from behind the Iron Curtain.")

There were once two hostesses: the first considered it shabby if a cut cake appeared on the tea table; the second considered it shabby to offer guests a cake not already cut into slices. Fortunately they seldom entertained each other, but neither gave an inch when she did.

Most of these comments are for the assistance of guests at tea time, but here is one hint for hostesses. If you are entertaining a number of guests of whom one is mouse-like and given to sitting in corners, on no account place the only delicious plateful of *pâté* sandwiches within reach. No one can kill sandwiches like a shy guest, who, unhandicapped by speech, will be down to the rose on the Crown Derby plate while the others are chumping away at their first rock cake.

All students of Etiquette will have realized that the real problem of tea time has not yet been dealt with. When should the milk be put in? If indeed this problem is not, as some maintain, the cause of all the troubles of to-day, few will deny that it is a powerful influence in the background. It is a point on which no one has ever held a mild opinion and has not been prepared to die for his prejudice. Consequently it appears that there is no hope of a solution and that Etiquette is doomed forever to a storm in a teacup. There is, however, one course which, though it obliges its adherents to drink many cups of hellbroth blacker than ink, at least enables them to preserve detachment. Take no milk in your tea, and you will find yourself drinking it with that complacency that only satisfied Etiquette can give. V. G. P.





We Four Kings of Orient

(States Reorganization Commission 1955)

MY father's father's father's way
Was to have expert elephants
Who would when told reduce to play
Political recalcitrants.

He also had two milk-white cranes
Who helped him to dispense the law
And build his palace, which remains
The loveliest place I ever saw.

He wrote a book on governing.
His hundred wives were fairer than
The wives of any other king.
He was a highly cultured man.

My father's father found the land
Less free than in his father's days,
And paramountcy laid its hand
Increasingly on all his ways,

And left his power less and less,
Till long frustration found a vent
In lethal rage and practices
Which shocked the English Resident,

Who brought his pleasures to an end,
And circumscribed his right to rule,
And said it would be wise to send
My father to an English School

And on to Sandhurst; whence by right
He led the troops recruited from
The land he scarcely knew by sight
To death or glory on the Somme.

Times changed. It was considered best
To keep my Indian self immune
But brush it lightly with the West
At Ajmeer and at Dehra Dun,

Till, caught between conflicting trends,
I verged on panic now and then,
Mistrusting both my foreign friends
And my aspiring countrymen.

And rightly so. The first renounced
Their duty to protect my throne;
The second, left in charge, denounced
My rule as hostile to their own.

The long and lake-lit palace that
My father's father's father made
Is now a school of sorts whereat
They teach the sons of petty trade

To make themselves a ruling class,
And scorn the thought of tolerance,
And use their weight of numbers as
We used to use our elephants.

P. M. HUBBARD



Bear-Hug

THE oddest and most comforting thing about the shares market is that even on its very worst days there are exactly as many buyers as sellers. If your Sumpex Oils Ordinaries have been cascading down the drain in recent weeks—and they *have*—the chances are that your new co-shareholders are a more reliable, more optimistic and better informed lot than their predecessors. They are men who know a good thing when they see one, men who have *faith* in Sumpex and believe that the Treasury (or, as it used to be called, according to Lord Beaverbrook, "the West End Branch of the Bank of England") still has its Tory heart in the right place. So you are in good company.

On the losing end of a bear market one must seek consolation at all costs.

Let us then banish the word slump and think in terms of a temporary recession. If Mr. Butler's frothing blowing exertions prove effective home trade will suffer and export trade will recover. In spite of the blandishments of commercial TV we shall all buy less and leave more for customers overseas. But the profits on sales in the export markets, where competition is pretty fierce, will be niggardly compared with those achieved on the domestic front, and board-room ebullience will be replaced by cold, comfortless caution.

Even if trading profits are maintained at their present high level the chances are that bumper dividends will not be forthcoming; by next spring the credit squeeze should be a bear-hug, new capital will be difficult to raise, and profits will be ploughed back deeply enough to satisfy the theorists of the Left. And those blue chip investments which now yield less than four per cent will look far less attractive to punters who pin their hopes on growth stocks.

Remember, though, that we are

recessing, not slumping. If our national finances are in the red they are only just over the line, and a decent shove—an extra five per cent of sustained effort—would put them back in the pink. Nowadays we live so near the limit of our resources that solvency is determined by the nicely calculated less or more. Dollars reserves X plus 1, result happiness, as Mr. Micawber might say: dollar reserves X minus 1, result misery.

What can one do to be saved? Well, as this column advised long ago, there are nice pickings to be got among the gilts. The investor who cannot wait for the recession to work itself out can opt for long-term security and reasonable returns by acquiring a load of Old Consols or kindred stock. Or he can

operate on the share market according to one of a dozen well-meaning and cosily fallible systems. For example, he can decide in advance when to leave or re-enter the market—*out* by instalments as the F.T. index dips to 175, 170 and 165, *in* by instalments as and when the index climbs again. He won't cut all his losses, nor will he buy at rock bottom prices, but he'll remain in business and help to keep the wolf from the broker's door.

Several correspondents have already branded me as an unrepentant Jeremiah, and one—a gentleman with impeccable qualifications—urges me to advise *immediate* investment in (among other old favourites) De Havilland, Pye, Rank and Woolworth. I don't, but we shall see.

MAMMON



Comfort Me With Apples

THIS week I cannot impart any information. I need advice myself. And it would seem that I am not the only person in the country with the same unsolved problem.

It's the same every autumn. We become obsessed with the question, What can we do with our apples? We can hardly take in each other's washing and sell them to one another. And it's plain we can't sell them to you; some of us have tried foolishly sending our crop into market and have then had to pay to transport the wretched fruit back to our farms. True, we could leave them to rot in the orchards; but that can be dangerous when a pig gets in and gorges itself to death. Some idiot once advised me to store the fruit on the bedroom floor. We have only eight bedrooms. And anyhow it's not pleasant for me or a guest to do our sleep-walking on an orange pippin. We don't want to store

the fruit, we want to dispose of it—with a good conscience. That is, with the feeling that it's not entirely wasted.

I hope that nobody will write and tell me to make chutney with it. I did that in 1946, and if all the curries in Devonshire used a little, I should still have enough chutney to see us through a decade. The same goes for jam. I'm also well aware that cider is made from apples. But making cider without a press entails more ingenuity than I have and more patience than I want. I made a barrel of cider years ago by letting the apples soak, or ferment as they call it, in water. When they had entirely disintegrated I filtered the noxious fluid, and eventually nearly dissolved my own teeth in the brew which I had concocted. Cider at its best is not to my taste.

What I am asking for is a simple recipe for making calvados, as they do in Normandy, or apple schnapps, which you can get anywhere in Denmark, Holland or Northern Germany. Surely if someone could help me to do that it would be worth all these acrobatics on a step ladder, and if we could make some slibovitz too out of the blackberries, which now rot in the hedges, we should be all fixed for a lively winter.

RONALD DUNCAN

Ten Years On

STRONG Men of Now, portentous, proud and solemn,
On whom the sun of power seems
never-setting,
Have you observed the inch-at-foot-of-column

That Hitler's suicide is getting?

J. B. B.



BOOKING OFFICE

The Not-So-Unknown Lord Beaverbrook

The Unknown Prime Minister. Robert Blake. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 42/-

IT is difficult to be interested in Bonar Law; and though Mr. Robert Blake is skilful, witty and scholarly in his treatment of the subject, Bonar Law's interest (if he had any) continues to be elusive. Such remarks of his as are quoted by Mr. Blake are banal; his writings have about them a flatness which makes Mr. Attlee seem a kind of Montaigne; his very appearance suggests a mayor, or possibly a lord mayor, about to beat the bounds of a not very distinguished borough. I read somewhere, or heard, that a favourite joke of his was, when he knocked out his pipe, to pretend that he thought it was someone knocking at the door and to shout out: "Come in!" This macabre episode, it would appear, never lost its relish for him.

Yet Bonar Law became leader of the Conservative Party, and in due course Prime Minister, and obviously was endowed with, or was helped by Lord Beaverbrook to exercise, quite a lot of native political cunning. Mr. Blake admirably describes the various machinations whereby he first pushed himself forward, leaving Long and Austen Chamberlain to fall neatly one on each side of the chair they both thought they were going to sit down in; then joined Lloyd George to oust Asquith and then led the Conservatives in ousting Lloyd George. All the same it has to be admitted that, despite Mr. Blake's meticulously engaging efforts, Bonar Law remains an unknown Prime Minister because one comes to feel there was nothing to know about him.

For me, however, the fascination of Mr. Blake's book lay elsewhere. It was to the Bs, not the Ls, that I turned first in the index. One of the most bizarre enterprises of the age is the manner in which Lord Beaverbrook is supervising the publication of contemporary history to ensure that his own rôle is suitably presented. His method is, first, to

acquire the requisite Papers; then to find a suitable scribe, and, finally, when the book is out, to use his newspapers to boost it with full-throated ease. First in the series was Mr. Frank Owen's biography of Lloyd George. Now we have Mr. Blake's Bonar Law. What is to come? A Life, perhaps, of Lord Beaverbrook himself (though not, I should say, by Mr. Driberg, as far at



any rate as this particular series is concerned)? Or a Life of Sir Winston Churchill? There are endless possibilities. Fortunately, the Gospels are out of copyright, and therefore exclusive rights are not available. Otherwise heaven knows what might have been made of them under the ægis of Lord Beaverbrook.

It is always fascinating to see how a man as unusual as Lord Beaverbrook sees himself and his activities. One of the fallacies of life is to suppose that a person's view of himself conforms to that of his fellows—that, for instance, Stalin used to wake up in the morning and, as he came to, remember that he had murdered most of his friends and associates; or that Gladstone went about haunted by the feeling that he was a portentous old humbug. Not at all. Stalin, I am sure, always thought of himself as a particularly good and faithful friend who found anything in the

nature of bloodshed highly distasteful, though possibly at times unfortunately necessary; and Gladstone imagined himself gifted with a charm which would have made Byron sick with envy, and a capacity for pithy utterance scarcely equalled by Voltaire.

So with Lord Beaverbrook. He has lived long in this wicked world, and, through the possession of wealth, newspapers and useful associations, has made himself a person of importance. We all know really quite a lot about him. I was therefore particularly diverted by one episode in *The Unknown Prime Minister*. It relates to the manner in which Lord Beaverbrook was ennobled. Although, one gathers, Lord Beaverbrook's efforts to get Asquith out and Lloyd George in were actuated solely by his affection for Bonar Law and concern for the public interest, it appears that there was some sort of understanding that, when Lloyd George formed his government, Lord Beaverbrook would be President of the Board of Trade. So confident was Lord Beaverbrook that this bargain would be honoured that he told his constituents at Ashton-under-Lyme to expect a by-election (in those days M.P.s who accepted office had to fight by-elections). Imagine, then, the shock to his trusting nature when it turned out that Lloyd George proposed to put Sir Albert Stanley at the Board of Trade, and offer Lord Beaverbrook only a minor office or a peerage. He (Lord Beaverbrook), Mr. Blake writes, "was not anxious to leave the House of Commons. On the other hand it was a very convenient way out of an embarrassing predicament over his constituency, and would save him the humiliation of explaining why there would not after all be any by-election. He decided that he would accept." MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Looking Back

Windows On a Vanished Time. Gerald Bullett. *Michael Joseph*, 6/-

As in his youth Housman experienced a three-week spell of continuous poetic excitement, so in his sixtieth year Mr.

Gerald Bullett knew a similar visitation of creative energy. *Windows On a Vanished Time* consists mainly of poems written in the late summer of that year. Their key is set by "High Noon":

*Lazy, alone, I lie in the grass,
Knowing the moment will never pass,
Having as yet no art to embitter
The joy that is with a joy that was.*

Mr. Bullett's diction is deceptively simple, his metres seldom elaborate, his imagery direct; and a first reading gives a first impression of near-banalities. Afterwards beauty comes hauntingly, for he has subtly used a gentle but strong nostalgic magic to re-create for those born before 1914 memories common to all their yesterdays; and in his poems of childhood experience touches all adult memories with the quality of timelessness.

R. C. S.

The Holstein Memoirs. Edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher. Cambridge University Press, 25/-

Friedrich von Holstein, who worked under Bismarck at the German Foreign Office and was responsible for planning German foreign policy during the eventful years between 1890 and 1906, has for a long time been regarded as a relentless intriguer who would descend to any level, not excluding blackmail, to maintain his power. Much of his power was supposed to lie in the mass of papers which he accumulated during his years in office, which (in the custom of the day) he illicitly removed, and which are now to be published for the first time.

The *Memoirs*, which constitute the first volume of three (the others being the *Diaries* and the *Letters*) were actually written with the idea of publication, though never published. Naturally they do not much adumbrate the idea of Holstein the intriguer. They show him, however, to be an able diplomat and an acute observer. Most interesting, of course, is his account of Bismarck, whose fall has often been attributed to Holstein's machinations. There is nothing in these *Memoirs* to substantiate this suggestion, though his respect for Bismarck at the end of his career was small. B. A. Y.

My Story. Gordon Richards. Hodder and Stoughton, 16/-

Shrewd in his summing up of owners and trainers and relentless in the saddle, this great rider owed much of his success to tact and integrity. The portrait he draws of Fred Darling is entirely convincing. He describes the master of Beckhampton as "absolutely ruthless with horses and men." In spite of this, their partnership continued for sixteen years until ill-health forced Darling into retirement.

Richards ascribes much of his early success to the advice of Jimmy White's trainer, Martin Hartigan, to whom he was apprenticed. His first big appointment was jockey to Lord Glanely and in his colours Sir Gordon won two

classics, but, when Lord Glanely tried to reduce the retainer, he left and the long innings at Beckhampton began. Not the least interesting thing to read in this entertaining memoir is his unhesitating assertion that Pinza was the best colt and Sun Chariot the best filly that he ever rode. G. T.

Danger Ahead. Simenon. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6

In these two short novels, Simenon gets the roads and bars and small towns of America as he once seemed to get the rotting quays and derelict cranes of France: the background has the verisimilitude of the routine film. The psychology is, as usual, more obtrusive than convincing. Despite his brilliant publicity, Simenon is not a major novelist studying with compassionate penetration the sicknesses of industrial society, but a thoroughly efficient commercial tale-spinner whose characters and backgrounds are adequate to the slight demands made on them. He is the successor of Edgar Wallace in a good deal besides output.

There is a danger that when Simenon is no longer over-rated he will be underrated. If neither of these little melodramas is very new, or better than things of the same kind by less widely advertised Americans, they are interesting, readable and compelling. He has the narrative gift. The craftsmanship is not in selection but in expansion, the storyteller's art. Many contemporary writers would have used the material of the second novel for a six-page sketch.

R. G. G. P.

The Stepmother. R. C. Hutchinson. Cassell, 12/6

Following the current mode for middle-aged protagonists, Mr. Hutchinson's eponymous heroine, a French-Canadian spinster, is forty-six, her ministerial husband fifty-seven, when they marry: this unpromising union is complicated by Lawrence's devotion to the memory of his first wife, a beautiful egotist crippled early in life by an accident in the hunting-field, whose personality, like Rebecca's, still dominates the household which she formerly ruled.

The novel, however, mainly concerns

"The Pursuit of Happiness"

So much interest was aroused by "The Pursuit of Happiness," the series of eight coloured drawings by Norman Mansbridge in the Autumn Number (September 28), that further supplies of this issue have now been made available. Readers who were unable to obtain copies can now order them through their local newsagents or by sending 1s. 3d. to *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



"I should like to amend a vaguely denunciatory remark that I made to you last April."

Catherine's relationship with her stepson Stephen (an intransigent and outwardly unfeeling young man invalidated out of the army, in wartime, for shooting a brother-officer), who is now engaged to the pathetically brash widow of the man he murdered. The author is as usual preoccupied with spiritual values: the lonely, the suffering, and the dedicated; but he is less successful with English backgrounds than in depicting the foreign scene: this story, like much of his other post-war work, lacks the imaginative sweep of *Testament*, and follows an easily anticipated course without the compulsive narrative tension and subtle psychological revelations of *Shining Scabbard*—still his finest novel to date. J. M.-R.

The Inheritors. William Golding. Faber, 12/6

William Golding's first novel *The Lord of the Flies* displayed great imaginative force. His second novel is, in some ways, an even more remarkable feat. He is able to involve his reader in the fate of beings remoter from him than are the aborigines of Australia. *The Inheritors* deals with Neanderthal man at a time when *homo sapiens* is displacing him. We see these primitive, doomed creatures, with names like Lok, Oa and Mal, facing for the first time the new people, "incomprehensively strange," with their weapons, boats, crafts and language, people who trouble to dress their hair and deck their bodies, and are ambitious not merely to live but to live well. The Neanderthals in fear and bewilderment feel their end approaching as a beast feels death. It is a measure of this author's ability that he can make us suffer and sympathize with creatures so alien to us. In the end all are dead

except the baby Oa who, stolen and suckled by the new people, lives to remind us that the most primitive strain persists within us.

As a novelist Mr. Golding has come among us fully grown. Now he has proved his power to conjure up strange worlds I should like to see his outstanding creative faculty brought to bear upon the terrors of our everyday life. O. M.

The Return of Arthur. Martyn Skinner.
Chapman and Hall, 12/6

Being hard to put down is an unlikely quality in an English epic; this is the second volume of Mr. Skinner's enormous Byronic poem to achieve it without noticeable strain. The Byronism is in the style—a *Don Juan*-ish stanza, shamelessly snatched rhymes, long conversational digressions, switches from the high-flown to the satiric and back again—rather than in matter. The standpoint from which Mr. Skinner levers his satiric world is Oxford-Christian-Tory, and he goes the whole hog: not a word of liking for anything since Churchill, a useful position for a satirist.

The story takes place in 1999 and the stock-in-trade of science and social-science fiction makes its usual effective appearance. I didn't find this volume as remarkable as *Merlin*, the first one; getting on with one's story and praising one's heroes are both well-worn traps for satirists; but I enjoyed it very much indeed. P. D.

AT THE PLAY



The Pajama Game (COLISEUM)
The Whole Truth (ALDWYCH)
Small Hotel (ST. MARTIN'S)

EVERY schoolboy knows that every American musical must have, as a kind of anvil, a big man with a huge chest and an enormous voice with which to describe in song the emotional disturbances he is too shy or proud or even dumb to tell us about in conversation. In *The Pajama Game* this rock-like figure is played by EDMUND HOCKRIDGE, and when at the end he bares his remarkable torso, all the now crusted traditions of the musical hero have been faithfully met. He is the superintendent of what must be one of the ugliest pyjama factories in the world, and the girl who has stirred his simple passions is among the leaders of the strike he is trying to break. Torn apart over the question of seven and a half cents an hour, their loyalties are thus strained to breaking point; all their burning and yearning is expressed in the kind of earnest sentimental song which obviously pleases, though not me. Rightly, the girl is as tough a customer as the man; she is given character and terrific vitality by JOY NICHOLS, but the effect is not exactly romantic.

The Pajama Game has little charm, is crudely mounted and is often appallingly noisy; nevertheless it's an improvement on *Can-Can* and a number of its predecessors. It has no whimsy. The

efficiency of its production is superb. It boasts at least six winning songs, of which "Steam Heat" is my nap selection. The gusto and precision of its chorus is up to the highest American standard. And, most important, it is funnier and more original than we have come to expect. This side owes much to ELIZABETH SEAL, a small electric creature whose eccentric dancing and gamine satire is to me a major discovery, and to MAX WALL, who subdues his wilder music-hall instincts to give the evening a quiet pathetic humour which is the greatest relief. "I can just imagine what life would be like, married to Gladys," he says, after a tiff; and immediately we are launched on a bedroom burlesque in which he himself plays the long stream of Gladys's lovers. This is one of the scenes that lifts *The Pajama Game* above the ordinary level. Another is a nightclub so secret that it is lit only by the matches of its guests (timed to an atomic second), while the dance in which ELIZABETH SEAL, JOHNNY GREENLAND and IVOR MEGGIDO put over "Steam Heat" takes its place in my mind with the "Oompah Trot." JOAN EMNEY, FRANK LAWLESS and FELIX FELTON head a large bracket of useful performers. The play has arrived through the good offices of the usual platoon of experts.

If you have ever wondered how it feels to be framed on a murder charge with such devilish cunning that you begin to doubt your own sanity, *The Whole Truth* supplies most of the answers, and has been arranged so skilfully by PHILIP MACKIE that it becomes impossible not to associate oneself with its film producer whose mistress has been murdered and whose story sounds fishier and fishier beside the polished lies of her killer. It is the kind of crime play which personally I prefer to the guessing-game cross-country in which the maiden aunt turns out to have a record as long as Jack the Ripper's; the villain wastes no time in passing us a broad hint, and after that the excitement comes from watching how cleverly he lays his snares.

Mr. MACKIE works several good twists, and for two acts keeps the suspense high; then the care which he has taken to be plausible disappears, and though it has tense moments his third act totters, especially in the behaviour of the police. Even so, the play loses only some of its force, and is still to be recommended. In the first act I felt that the murderer's impersonation of a detective was palpably phoney, and that a man accustomed to casting would have seen through it instantly; but otherwise LESLIE LINDER's production is excellent, and the acting keeps one interested, particularly that of ERNEST CLARK as the framee and of ARNOLD BELL as the unusually probable inspector.

Small Hotel, by REX FROST, is a curiosity. It has scarcely any plot, its



Gladys—ELIZABETH SEAL Sid Sorokin—EDMUND HOCKRIDGE
Babe Williams—JOY NICHOLS Hines—MAX WALL

[The Pajama Game]

flavour is mild as a mandarin's tea, and its whole action takes place in the dining-room of a country hotel. Nothing more dramatic occurs than the dropping of a steak at the feet of the hotel's resident autocrat, yet boredom is out of the question, for the life of this quiet backwater is observed so vividly that we feel ourselves drawn to the microscope. One cannot call it a witty play, but it is gently amusing; one knows that the author often exaggerates, but it doesn't matter. The arrival of a smart alec from the owners threatens the ancient traditions of the dining-room, vested for forty years in a ripe head-waiter, a wily and lovable old rascal. One of the main pleasures is seeing him outmatch the forces of progress, a pleasure enhanced by an endearing performance by GORDON HARKER, making a welcome return to the stage. The other is MARJORIE FIELDING's wonderfully incisive portrait of a lonely and razor-tongued old lady whom the old man bends into his most powerful ally. MURRAY MACDONALD's production is sensibly unforced (though I don't think one-star managers change in the evening), and the acting has plenty of life.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Separate Tables (St. James's—29/9/54) still easily heads the list of new plays. *Lucky Strike* (Apollo—21/9/55) neatly rags industrial solemnities, and *My Three Angels* (Lyric—25/5/55) is lightly in favour of murder. ERIC KEOWN

At the DUKE OF YORK'S:
The Punch Revue, with BINNIE HALE, produced by VIDA HOPE.

AT THE PICTURES



The Virgin Queen
House of Bamboo

MOST comment on *The Virgin Queen* (Director: HENRY KOSTER) seems to fall into one of two categories: some follows the customary line (for a Hollywood costume picture) of derision at out-of-period dialogue and so forth, and some admits with surprise—not to say disappointment—that unusual care has apparently been taken to avoid the out-of-period.

I'm inclined to join this second school of thought. *The Virgin Queen*, I think, shows evidence of persistent endeavour to make the historical atmosphere convincing. Not the details of historical fact, perhaps: a session with an encyclopaedia would probably provide plenty of impossible dates, inaccurate incidents and unjustified readings of character. But the signs of a determination to spike the guns of the critic on the look-out for an easy laugh seem to me unmistakable.

The dialogue is, if anything, rather too full of archaisms and those laboriously-constructed metaphors that are supposed to have passed for wit in the sixteenth

century; such anachronistic touches as there are mostly depend on subtleties of intonation and would make no kind of show as comic exhibits—as when Queen Elizabeth says impatiently "We had a quarrel—so we had a quarrel" (implying its unimportance).

The main point about the film is, of course, BETTE DAVIS's performance as the Queen, which—given Miss DAVIS's power as an actress and the flamboyant character she has to work with here—could hardly be less than spectacular. She has considerable help from the make-up department, but she provides the spark or rather the brazier of life in this violent and unpredictable harridan most of whose acts—if we believe this highly-coloured work—were dictated, no matter how pompously she spoke of her care for the destiny of her kingdom, by personal interest in Raleigh (RICHARD TODD) and, later, by jealousy of his love for a lady of the court, Beth Throgmorton (JOAN COLLINS).

Of course, we don't believe it; and even within this story we don't believe in the "happy ending," which rounds off the whole thing like a conventional character-part piece by making the Queen relent and give what might be called her blessing to the young lovers. But this makes a good enough curtain for something that is essentially a background for a bravura performance.

The main titles of *The Virgin Queen* are not surprisingly in what we, not the Americans, call Gothic lettering; those of another CinemaScope work, *House of Bamboo* (Director: SAMUEL FULLER), are in the bold brush-drawn letters conventionally used to suggest the Oriental. In fact it is only the scene here that is Oriental; the pattern of incident is quite



Queen Elizabeth I—BETTE DAVIS

[*The Virgin Queen*]

familiar from many gangster stories. This is the one about the under-cover man who is really on the side of the law, and joins the gang with the sole aim of breaking it up.

The story itself is satisfactorily exciting, though marred by too much thick-car stuff, but the Tokyo scene steals the show. The De Luxe colour photography (JOE MACDONALD) is wonderfully pleasing, with beautiful scenes on every scale from pastel-tinted interiors to a notably interesting vista of barges on a river. ROBERT STACK is a somewhat inflexible hero, ROBERT RYAN a gang-leader of alarming efficiency, and SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI gives the normally dim part of melodrama-heroine considerably more individuality than usual.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: *The Trouble Shooter*, another of the new-style Westerns on the *Shane* model which it is becoming fashionable to say one is getting a bit tired of. I still take pleasure in them when they're as well done as this. *French-Cancan* (7/9/55) for all-round enjoyment, *Rififi* (13/7/55) for incomparable suspense, *Pete Kelly's Blues* (5/10/55) for excitement and an entertaining reminder of the mood, fashions and music of 1927; and there's an excellent new musical, *It's Always Fair Weather*, recommended to admirers of *On the Town*.

Top release: *Blackboard Jungle* (28/9/55), strong stuff but admirably done and very gripping indeed. Others include *The Deep Blue Sea* (7/9/55), *My Sister Eileen* (5/10/55), and a good little suspense piece, *The Night Holds Terror*.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Six and Half a Dozen

MY TV set (adapted) is so designed that I can transfer my affections from the state to private enterprise, from B.B.C. to I.T.A. and vice versa, only by unplugging, plugging and re-tuning. These manipulations take only a few seconds, but to perform them I have to struggle from my armchair and cede temporary occupancy to the cat. It follows that I suffer unduly from poor programmes, that I am apt to sit them through rather than exercise my powers of discrimination, and it also follows that I am becoming something of a connoisseur of televised trash.

Now read on.

It is not always easy for me, in my bemused condition, to decide which channel I am bogged down in: the faces are all so familiar and so many of the items screened are duplicates. "The Brains Trust" competes with "Free Speech," "As Others See Us" with "Is This Your Problem?," "I Love Lucy" with "I Married Joan," "Sportsview" with "Cavalcade of Sport," "Saturday Night-Out" with "Saturday Showtime," and so on. After three weeks of steady viewing under the dual régime I have acquired familiarity with a few commercial jingles (they are indistinguishable from head noises) and a new interest in English accents, and I have become increasingly disillusioned about the benefits of competition. The I.T.A. (as we expected) has adopted lower standards than those to which we have been accustomed, and the B.B.C. (like Harold) has left its lofty stockade to do battle in the lowlands. "Panorama" is slicker, glossier and longer than it used to be, but



REG DIXON

ORSON WELLES

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI

it has lost its punch and air of challenge. "Special Enquiry's" documentary on dirty food lacked the old missionary zeal and gave us a superficial magazine article calculated to alarm nobody and placate all who have financial interests in the problem. The B.B.C. has cut its ration of serious middlebrow programmes, increased its dosage of "light entertainment" and injected a note of suffocating chumminess into such items as "Forces' Requests," and "This is Music-hall."

Comparisons. "The Brains Trust," refurbished, offers much better value than I.T.A.'s "Free Speech." The old brigade of Boothby, Foot, Brown and Taylor now talk like hollow men, echoing outworn creeds and feuds of long ago. They beat the floor in protest or anguish like phony all-in wrestlers. Their tantrums are as dull as the political matters they are condemned to discuss.

"The Brains Trust" on the other hand shows promise. Here discussion can range beyond the Foreign Office and the

Exchequer, and the "brains" on view are not allowed to outstay their welcome. The liveliest and most impressive exponents of the spoken word in recent editions have been Margaret Rawlings, Julian Huxley, Geoffrey Crowther and Hugh Casson.

I can say nothing pleasant about either "As Others See Us" (I.T.A.) or "Is This Your Problem?"—two agony columns of the air in which the sensitive viewer is made to feel an interfering scandal-mongering snoop.

"Round the World With Orson Welles" (I.T.A.) is a vast improvement on the Pickles-Dimbleby brand of down-your-way, fun-finding-out interview. Welles is no less successful than the B.B.C. stars in getting his subjects to

let down their hair and come clean, but he behaves like a jolly professional psychiatrist, without back-slapping, hand-holding, bowing or scraping.

The Hallé (I.T.A.) opened its series of fortnightly music in fine style, with Sir John Barbirolli at the top of his form with baton and anecdote. For the time being Lime Grove has nothing to set against this musical treat.

"Sportsview" (B.B.C.) remains streets ahead of I.T.A.'s quickfire parade of speechless champions, "Cavalcade of Sport."

For the rest—full marks to "Confidentially," with Reg Dixon (I.T.A.), and the Harry Secombe show (worth the money if only for a delicious rag of formation-dancers); and black marks for "Judge for Yourself," Ernest Dudley's series of make-believe court cases (B.B.C.), and the Embassy Club show (I.T.A.) featuring Mr. Ron ("Heart-throb") Randall and a gaggle of starlets.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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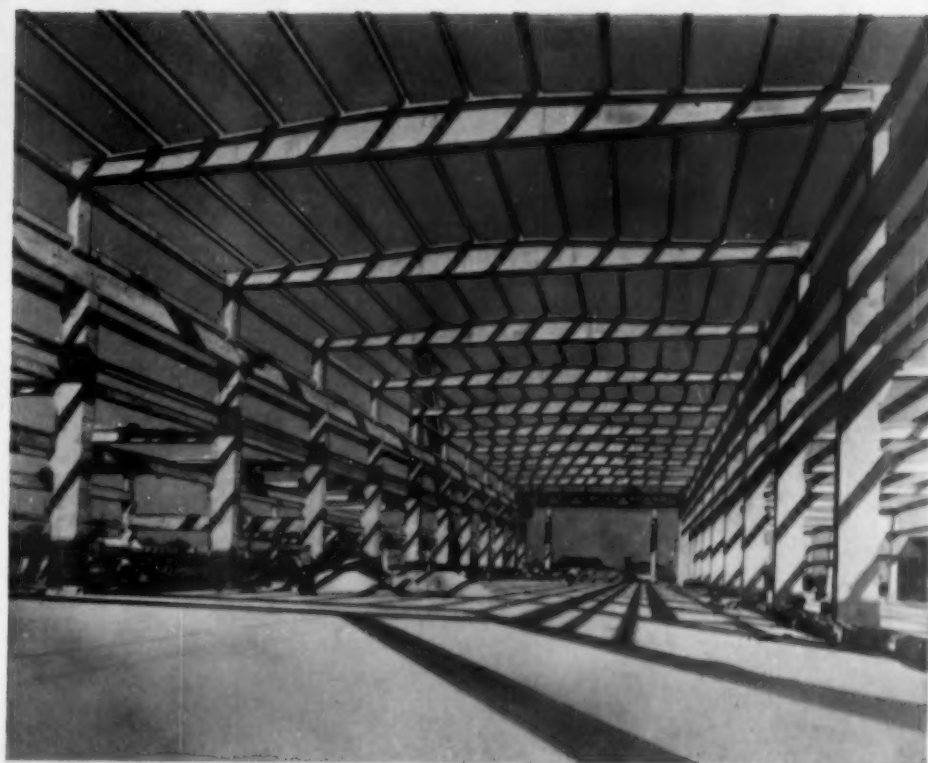
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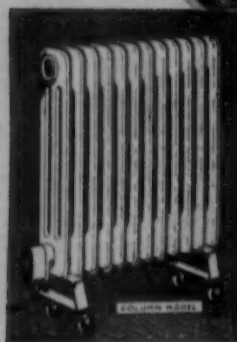
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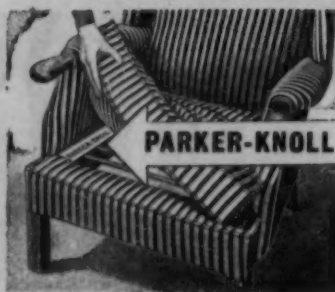
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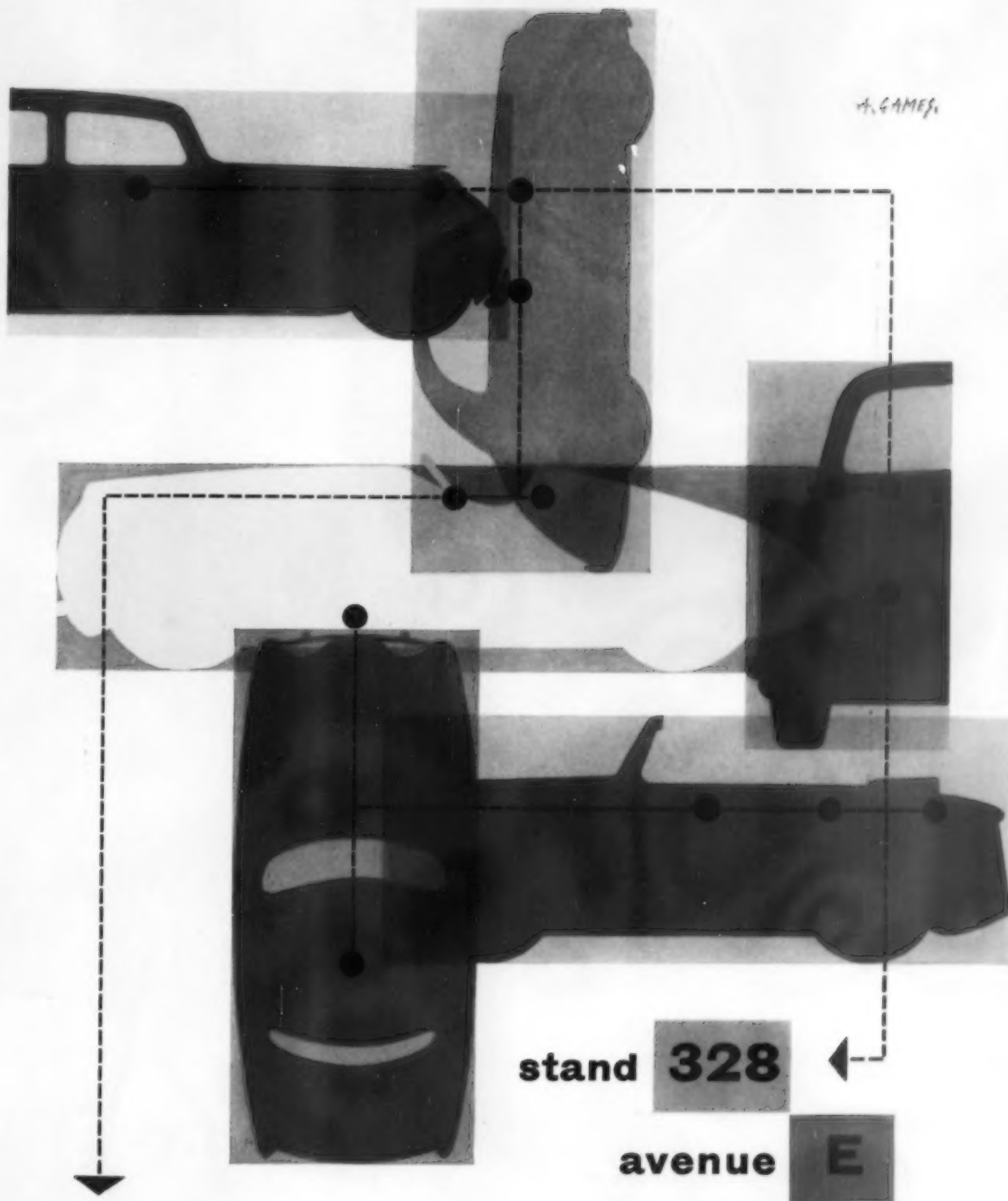
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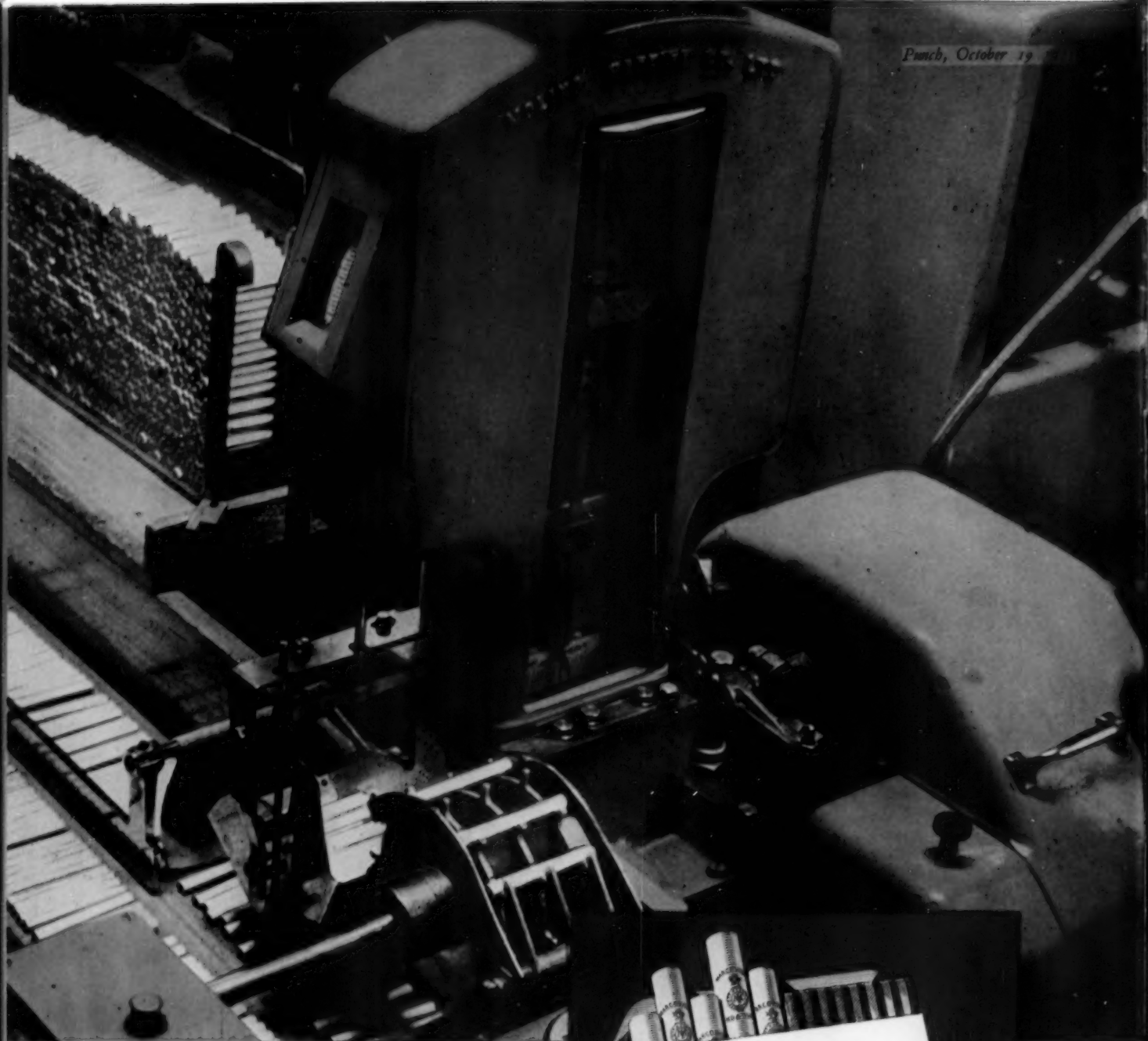


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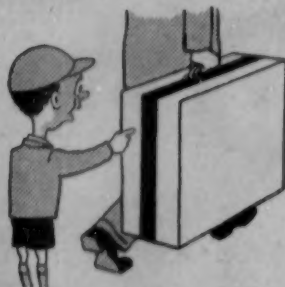
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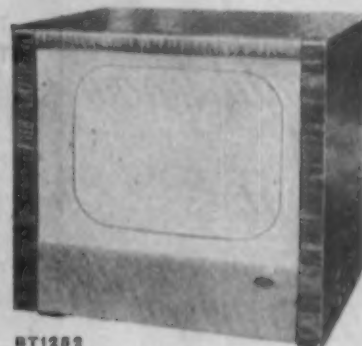
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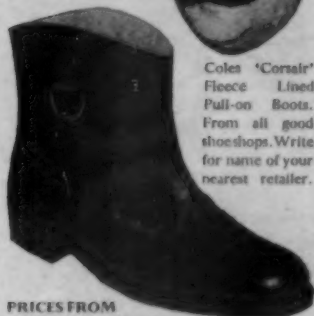
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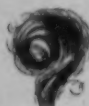
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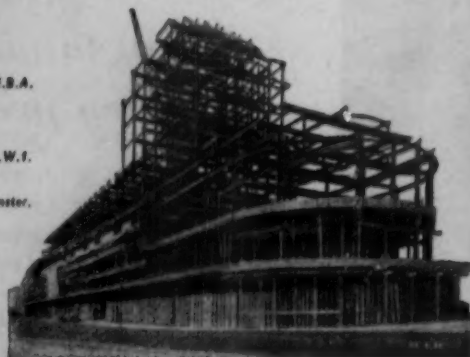
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